

The

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A GREAT PRIMA DONNA: MADAME ROSA PONSELLE

A SNAPSHOT ON THE "AQUITANIA'S" BOAT DECK

Madame Rosa Ponselle, the prima donna of the Metropolitan Opera Company in New York, arrived in England last week, and will sing in the Italian Opera series at Covent Garden, where, of course, she is far from being a stranger. The picture was taken when she was having a bit of exercise at deck tennis with Captain Diggle, commanding the "Aquitania." Madame Ponselle has won to the top from humble beginnings, for she is a daughter of an Italian immigrant to New York. It was Caruso who first heard her singing in what was then called a "nickelodeon," and recommended her to the notice of the Metropolitan Opera Company



AT THE AFRICAN SOCIETY DINNER: THE EARL OF ATHLONE, THE COUNTESS BUXTON, AND THE EARL OF SELBORNE

The Earl of Athlone and H.R.H. Princess Alice were the guests of honour at this dinner at the May Fair Hotel to welcome them home after Lord Athlone's long and distinguished period as Governor-General of South Africa. Lord Buxton, whose wife is in the picture, was Governor-General of South Africa from 1914 to 1920, and Lord Selborne was High Commissioner for South Africa and Governor of the Transvaal, 1905-10

More pictures of this event will be found on p. 331

PAY attention, my dear, while I tell you about a great variety of goings-on. Different directions claim notice but first I'm going to cast back to the Chester race-meeting. This, apart from being held on the oldest course in the country, may be bracketed with the National as a means of relieving north-westerly depressions. The scene is unique, as the circular track is surrounded by the old city walls of red sandstone, which form the grandest of stands, and the River Dee.

For the occasion Eaton Hall usually provides the largest house-party, and this year, with nearly fifty visitors, it kept up the Duke and Duchess of Westminster's entertaining reputation. Among their friends and relations there were Lord Lonsdale (who got as much attention as his competing horse from an admiring crowd), Lady Scarbrough, Sir Champion and Lady de Crespigny, and Baroness de Reuter, who is connected with many countries, being Italian, married to a Russian, and living in Paris. Major and Mrs. Vandy Beatty, Mr. Harry Cottrill, and Mr. Tommy Graves were other racing people staying at Eaton, Mr. Cottrill training two winners on Cup Day, which was the cause for much satisfaction, as he used to live in the neighbourhood. Mrs. Satterthwaite and Captain Hillyard were two tennis stars shining there, and Mr. and Mrs. Simon Elwes represented art, he being at present engaged on painting the Duchess.

* * *

That evening, a ball for about 200 people was given, and all the jolliest Cheshirites (as well as some sixty "gate crashers"!) came to dance to the Grosvenor



THEATRICALS IN DUBLIN: LADY HOLMPATRICK, MR. TYRRELL, MISS WATKINS, AND MISS I. WATKINS

In a scene from a farce called "The Local Demon," which Lady Holmpatrick produced at the Mayfair Fête in Lord Iveagh's grounds, Dublin, in aid of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Help Society. Lady Holmpatrick is a sister of the Marquess of Conyngham, and Lord Holmpatrick is an ex-Joint Master of the Meath



Swaine

LADY MAUD BIRKBECK

A sister of General the Earl of Cavan, who married Mr. Geoffrey Birkbeck last year. Mr. Birkbeck is holding an Exhibition of his water-colours this month at the Fine Arts Society

band and to enjoy the superb strawberries in cassis which happened at supper. Miss Edna Fox, very fair and with a lovely skin, came with her fiancé, Mr. Dod Frankland; Lady Nuttall looked beautiful in black, and Lord Tollemache played endless bridge.

Eaton is really two houses, the big one where all entertaining takes place, and a smaller one, connected by a long passage, where the Duke and Duchess live when alone; she is very popular and takes great interest in the welfare of the tenants. The decoration of her rooms there is most unusual, with very strong colouring which, however, is most becoming to dark hair. Modern furniture, specially designed by Rufus, is in the dressing-room, but an entirely early Victorian atmosphere prevails in one of the spare ones, as ostrich feather plumes nod from the four corners of the curtained bed.

* * *

How delighted the Embassy Band (or any other for that matter) must be when it finds itself raised up on a stage, away from barging dancers who buffet it at every step. That is what I thought when observing the above band in the grill room of the Ritz, where Harriet Lady Cooper and Mrs. Harry Streatfeild gave a ball.

Lady Lansdowne, Lady Delia Peel, Mrs. Julian Steele, and Lady Chelmsford all had dinner parties before the event, which was for the especial benefit of Miss Averil and Miss Rosemary Streatfeild. The former is

Poole, Dublin

very fair and looked charming in a close-fitting green dress. Miss Joan Pearson's pale-blue frock, worn with a black sash, was enchanting; she has just come back from Paris, and before that went for a tour in Morocco. Lady Caroline Paget was in an oyster satin dress, Miss Jacqueline Castellani in bright red, and others of a most attractive collection were Miss Vida

Cuthbert, Miss Margaret Mercer-Nairne, whose coppery brown hair is so awfully nice, and Miss Cecilia Keppel.

An excellent supper consumed in the restaurant upstairs made one wonder where hungry hotel guests went when ousted from their natural haunts; anyhow, the comfort and absence of suffocation made the evening most enjoyable.

* *
"Tall, dark, and good-looking" is a description which many brides deserve, but few are as tall as Miss Lily Pritchard who married Colonel Harvey last week. Her sister Evelyn runs her close in this direction, and it was a good idea to have the other bridesmaids in



AT RANELAGH: CAPTAIN MORRISON AND LIEUT.-COMMANDER LORD LOUIS MOUNTBATTEN

Captain Morrison was playing for the Flamingoes, who were put out 9 to 3 by the Blues' "B" team (rec. 6), and Lord Louis Mountbatten and his Blue Jackets beat the Blues' "A" team 10½ to 4. The Blues never looked like being able to give the well-mounted Naval team 5½ goals start

advance. Another innovation was the reproduction of church bells by means of loud-speakers; the traffic of Langham Place usually makes them inaudible at All Souls.

General and Mrs. Pritchard, parents of the bride, have not long come home from Singapore, where he was G.O.C. Malay troops. Their daughters, determined not to lead the idle lives which that climate encourages, insisted on learning how to make hats before leaving England. By this means they were able to produce the latest modes for those exiled in Malaya, and on the proceeds to travel in the neighbouring countries.

Lord and Lady Irwin came to the wedding, also Sir Frederick and Lady Sykes, and Sir Michael and Lady O'Dwyer. Colonel Melvill, who used to be a brilliant member of the 17th Lancer polo team,

was another friend made in India.

* *
"Exhibits generally excellent, and a particularly fine show of umbrellas and mackintoshes on the first two days." Thus my Irish correspondent when describing the Royal Dublin Society's spring activities at Ballsbridge. The occasion was of great import, for it celebrated the Society's two hundred birthday.

The Spring Show itself dates from 1831, but it is only of late years that horses have entered the lists there. Now the jumping enclosure draws almost as big crowds in May as it does in August. There are classes for polo ponies, potential and proved, military as well as less restricted leaping contests, and plenty of chances for children to prove their riding prowess, both on the flat and over obstacles.

In the jumping competition for boys, twenty-six young thrusters did a lightning tour of a special course, and provided splendid targets for the ciné-camera of Mr. Geoffrey Gilbey who was, I am told, winding for dear life and the special benefit of his young family.

He had gone over to Dublin to plead the cause of decrepit horses; I have heard him speak and I can imagine no better advocate. He is so earnest, so forthright and sincere. He thanks you awfully for allowing him to talk to you on his pet subject, as if you weren't thanking him in your heart for what he is doing to stop a traffic which is a disgrace to civilization. From what I hear, Ireland is likely to bring in a Bill quite soon to put an end to it. Let us hope that England follows her lead.

* * *
But I must hand on more information about the show itself. Judge Wylie and Captain Maurice Kingscote were two of the adjudicators of equine merits. Mrs. Wall had several entries in the jumping classes, and won on the



MRS. VAN RAALTE AND LADY ZIA WERNHER WITH TWO FUTURE FOXHOUNDS

A pleasing snapshot at the Fernie Kennels. The two little whelps seem quite indifferent about their first Society photograph. Lady Zia Wernher is the wife of the Joint Master of the Fernie, Sir Harold Wernher



"THY SERVANT A DOG?"

Perhaps—and, again, perhaps not! Anyway, this time he is taking the two ladies, Philippa and Diana Cunliffe-Owen, for a walk. Their papa won the Derby of 1928 with Felstead, and he has Concerto, who was fifth in the Guineas, in this year's race

THE LETTERS OF EVE—continued

second day with Twinkle. She was not taking part herself on this occasion but frequently does so at the Dublin Show proper. I believe she suddenly decided to learn to ride when she was



H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF YORK AT HARROW

The Duke of York, accompanied by the Duchess, visited Harrow on Wednesday last to open the Stuart Memorial Extension of the Harrow and Wealdstone Hospital. T.R.H. arrived at the Harrow School War Memorial, where the Duke inspected a Guard of Honour of the Harrow O.T.C. Following a dedication service in the Speech Room, the Duke and Duchess went to the hospital

Maureen and Lady Meriel Brabazon. The Viceregal box was not much patronized on the first two days, but Lord and Lady Powerscourt sat there for a short time. Lord and Lady Talbot de Malahide, Lady Grace, Mr. and Mrs. "Atty" Parker from County Clare, Lord and Lady Bellew, Mrs. Dermot Doyne, whose husband is Master of the Coollattin, and Major C. L. Phelps were some of the occupants of the county stand. An offshoot of the big hall was set aside for privately run enterprises, and Elizabeth Lady Fingall spent several hours daily at the United Irishwomen's stall which she organized. Mrs. Edward Barton and Mrs. Gus Barton, down from Porthsalon, were also stallholders, their wares being the fine fruits of busy Donegal needles.

The Dorchester was the scene of the most successful Victoria League Ball. Mrs. Alexander Hardinge, the chairman, was lucky to have Lady Beatrice Ormsby-Gore, Lady Katharine Seymour, and Mrs. Herman Lebus as accomplices.

Lady Hartington took on the arduous task of greeting everyone, and looked delightful in pale blue and a diamond tiara.

Two long tables overlooked the dancing-floor, and at the head of each sat the Duke and Duchess of York on arriving in time for supper. When that was over there was a Victorian quadrille and barn dance, Lady Violet Pakenham, Lady Anne Wellesley, Miss Elspeth Weir, Miss Katharine Ridley, and Lady Patricia Hare being some of the performers. Then came a polka danced by well-known actors and actresses, including Sir Gerald du Maurier, Cicely Courtneidge, Heather Thatcher, and Nelson Keys; this was without doubt a very good turn.

The round, red cushions thrown down by the waiters as sites from which to see the cabaret added greatly to our comfort. "Charles" had contrived many good drinks which were much in demand after the invitation to join in the polka had been responded to with gusto.

fifty. It was a very good idea, for within a year she was able to compete successfully with anyone. Mrs. Wall has the most attractive "blue roan" hair, and always wears just the right clothes.

Miss Sheila Myers, who is Joint Master of a local pack of harriers, had terrible bad luck, for one of her best horses fell with her at the double bank and at first appeared to have broken his back. However, after some time they got him up and the poor fellow hobbled off very slowly on three legs. It must have been a most distressing spectacle.

Lord Meath had an entry or two participating and was looking on with his daughters, Lady

Slightly faint but still pursuing I proceeded after midnight to 22, Mansfield Street, where the Dowager Lady Bute was giving a dance for Miss Margaret MacRae. I don't know whether it was by accident or design, but the leading lady of the evening and the hostesses' other grand-daughters, Lady Jean Bertie, Lady Mary Crichton-Stuart, Lady Tiverton, and Miss Claudia Crichton-Stuart, were all dressed in blue, the varying shades being on very good terms with one another.

The lovely pictures made an admirable background to many engaging débutantes' faces. Miss Helena Perrott owned one and Miss Daphne Pringle another. She is Mrs. Hubert Preston's daughter and has stolen a march on her contemporaries by coming out at seventeen. Lady Gormanston's daughter, Miss Annette Preston, scored points for Ireland; Lady Flavia Giffard's green frock agreed well with her splendid red hair and Miss Jane Noel looked attractive in white.

Several of the aforementioned persons met again the next evening, when Lord and Lady Bute's elder daughter gave a sherry party at the International Sportsmen's Club before setting off by air for a fortnight in Budapest, where she is to pay a round of visits.

Lady Moira Forbes, Lady Beatrice Savile, Lord Fitz Harris, Major Weld-Forester, and Sir Max Pemberton were a few of the friends gathered to wish her a good flight and good fun.

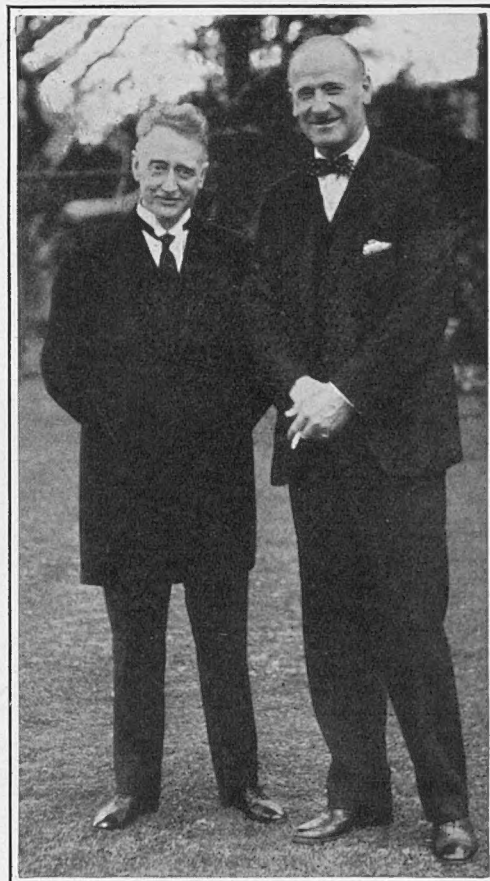
I was almost forgetting Newmarket, about which you will presumably want to hear a word or two. The weather was particularly pleasant, consequently many new clothes were paraded.

Princess Mary, who was visibly exhilarated by Alcester's achievement, wore pink on both Tuesday and Wednesday. Lady Blandford pinned her faith first on black and then on beige, while Lady Ashley's most brilliant colour scheme was tomato-red. Mrs. Euan Wallace can be depended on to look charming, and Miss Joan Buckmaster, who was with her father, also rewarded the eye.

The Prince of Montenegro, Madame Levinskaya, Miss Naomi Royde-Smith, and Mr. John van Druten were amongst those listening with amusement to the witty recriminations which

passed between Sir Charles Higham and Mr. Gilbert Frankau at Foyle's eighth Literary Luncheon held at Grosvenor House.

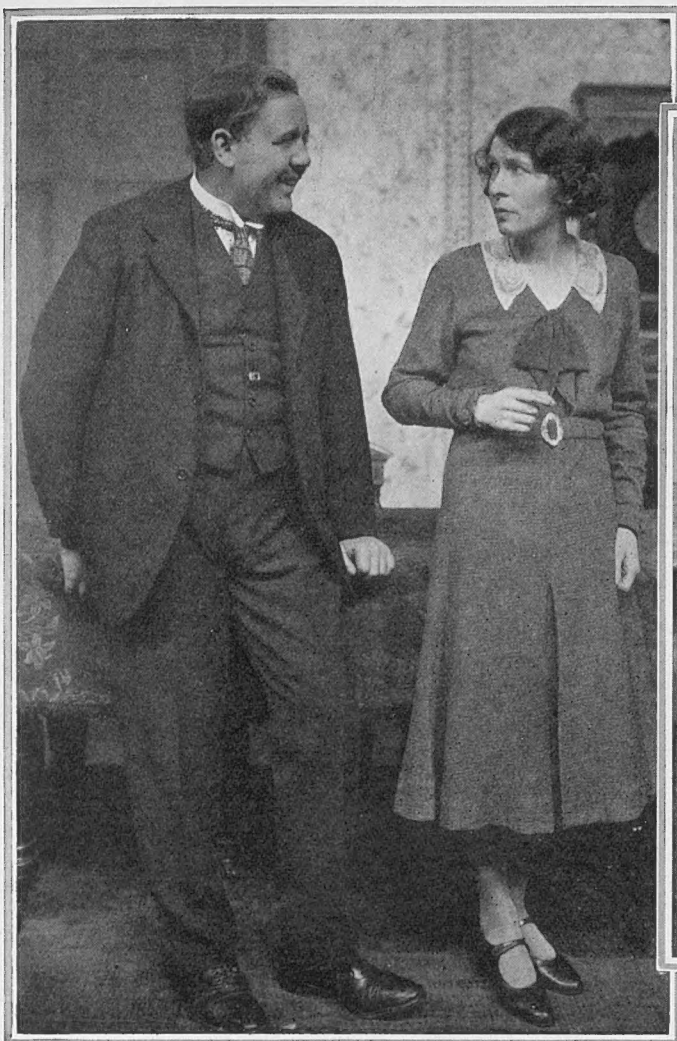
Sir Charles, who was speaking of the advertising of literature, described Mr. Frankau as one of the four greatest sex novelists. "For which," he added, "I hate him." He went on to say that he did not believe in labouring the obvious, and suggested it was a pity that more boost was not given to our virtues rather than our vices. Mr. Van Druten was a success with his account of a feminine criticism of one of his plays: "It made me sick. It was just like home!"—Love, EVE.



IN DUBLIN: PRESIDENT COSGRAVE AND MAJOR T. W. KIRKWOOD

At the reception given at the French Embassy, which is in Phoenix Park. Major Kirkwood is the ex-International polo player and the leading light of the All-Ireland Polo Club, whose grounds are in the Phoenix

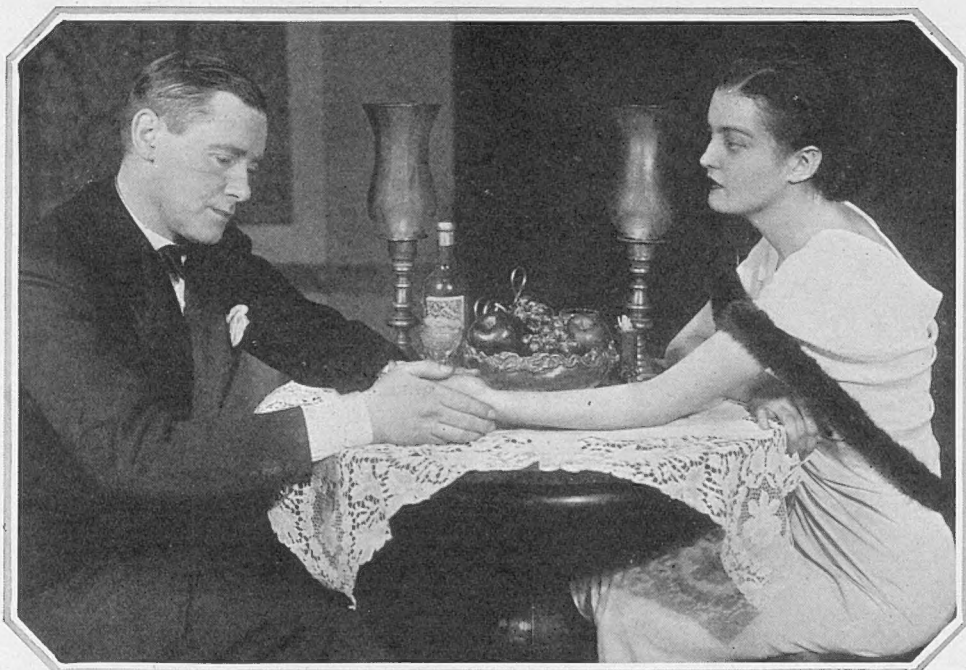
THE PLAY'S THE THING



Stage Photo Co.
IN "PAYMENT DEFERRED": MR. CHARLES LAUGHTON (THE MURDERER) AND MISS LOUISE HAMPTON (HIS WIFE)



Stage Photo Co.
MR. CHARLES LAUGHTON AND MISS JEANNE DE CASALIS (THE "STEPNEY")



Vandamm
"TO-MORROW AND TO-MORROW" IN NEW YORK: MR. HERBERT MARSHALL (NICHOLAS HAY), MISS ZITA JOHANN (EVE)



Nickolas Muray
MISS RUTH DRAPER RETURNS TO A LUCKY LONDON

Anyone who is fond of having his or her flesh made to creep is strongly recommended to let Mr. Charles Laughton do it for them in "Payment Deferred" at the St. James'. Mr. Marble, a hard-up bank clerk, is so lucky (according to his ideas) as to find a nephew full of money arriving from Australia, and has to be the only one to see him arrive. So he does him in with some cyanide, buries him in the back garden, and then proceeds to make a pile speculating in francs. He is too terrified to leave his house, and during his wife's absence he procures a modiste (Miss Jeanne de Casalis) to bear him company. When Marble's wife returns the artless dressmaker starts blackmailing, and when poor Mrs. Marble finds out about it she commits suicide. The police then waltz in and arrest him for the murder of his wife and they hang him for it. Mr. Charles Laughton must be getting quite accustomed to this sort of thing as he was smoky-celled for a murder he never committed in "On the Spot." "To-morrow and To-morrow" we may see in due course, but at the moment it is in New York. Miss Ruth Draper returns to us in her priceless character sketches at the Vaudeville on June 1. She has been playing the private secretary in the play "Three Women and Mr. Clifford"

The Cinema : A Grand Film

By JAMES AGATE

THE tiger which has once tasted blood is a puling simile for the actor who has once tasted applause. Fame, we recalled the other day, is the last infirmity of noble mind, and we remember patting Milton on the back for a just sentiment. But that austere poet was probably thinking of dull folk like emperors and statesmen, astronomers, and poets, who do their work in the decent obscurity of their closet, whereas the artist, and particularly the actor, is another matter, as Milton must have known if he had ever been in a theatre. I forestall objection by saying that I do not regard a masque in Cromwell's back garden as theatre. Now the actor's desire is not for fame, which is an abstract matter maturing only in the by-and-by; what he wants is that immediate instalment here and now, hot and strong, which is applause. And I should be prepared if Milton were here to argue the actor's right to it on the grounds that no craving can be wrong which is universal. Applause being the very breath of an actor's nostrils, it follows that when for any reason it is not forthcoming the player is left without anything to breathe. It is the subconscious recognition of this which makes audiences applaud the actors though the play may have left them swooning with boredom. For myself I can think of no abdication quite so pitiful as that of the actor who had abdicated, unless it be that of the journalist who had ceased to write. The reader will appreciate that the tawdriness of the actor's acting and the trumperiness of the journalism are not the point. An essayist of some competence has written about a man whose work is done: "I am Retired Leisure. I am to be met with in trim gardens. I am already come to be known by my vacant face and careless gesture." How much more would the great actor in retirement come to be known by the vacancy of his once so intense expression and the carelessness of his once so carefully measured gesture? I am always incredibly affected whenever I read the account of Macready's farewell to the stage, and my emotion is not at all diminished by a sneaking belief that on the stage Macready was something of a bore. "On nous abandonne," said Marguerite Gautier, "et les longues soirées succèdent aux longs jours!" Actresses will not misunderstand me when I say that artists who have desisted from pleasing in any walk of life are in respect of the ensuing tedium very much in the same boat. The player, then, lives by applause and ceases to live, in the sense of declining to mere existence, when that applause is withdrawn. But in all fairness to the player it must be said that as a general rule he gives life to that which gives him life. Most actors prefer to die in harness, and one might say that there is an unwritten law on the subject. I have already compared the profession of the actor with that of the journalist, and that they have one thing in common cannot be denied. Nobody has ever heard an actor say that as he is not feeling very well he does not think he will go down to the theatre. Nobody has ever heard a journalist say that as he is a bit off colour he doesn't think he will turn in his copy. If a journalist is alive, his copy will be there to time; if it isn't, *ipso facto*, he is dead. The same holds true of the actor.

The foregoing is implicit in that extraordinarily good film, *The Royal Family of Broadway*, at the Plaza, which shows the spirit of the old troupier at its most militant, most persistent, and best. But the finest qualities admit of exaggeration, and this continual desire to be in the public eye, and the immense bitterness attendant upon the slightest and most temporary occlusion has its ludicrous side. *The Royal Family* is really

a skit upon the Barrymores, great players all of them, members of a great acting family, and inheritors of a great acting tradition. But this has not prevented them from indulging in an emphasis which in itself almost amounts to burlesque, and needs but very little parodying to become the wildest and cruellest fun. The film begins with Fanny Cavendish driving home from the theatre with her daughter, Julia, who is, of course, Ethel Barrymore. Julia is thinking of giving up play-acting, and is rebuked by her mother, a ruined tower of tragic beauty, who says: "Stuff and nonsense!" in the language and accents of Lady Macbeth plus the three hags in *Richard III*. They arrive home, which is a palatial affair, with full-length Gainsboroughs on the wall and the traditional Sargent drawing of brother Tony (supposed to be John Barrymore), from whom a telegram now arrives saying that he has killed somebody and will be home presently. "Anyone we know?" asks his mother in her rich, royal accents, and it appears that it is only one of Hollywood's movie directors. Presently Tony arrives, worried not on the question of manslaughter, since the director is recovering, but because some Polish film-star is suing him for breach of promise. He arrives

with a procession of luggage-bearers, but muffled up to the eyebrows in a bearskin the better to remain incognito, and pretending not to know for whose autograph a mob of some ten thousand gathered in the street outside is howling. He too is thinking of giving up the stage, proposing to enter a Kurdish monastery and eat rice; go to Munich and become a fiddler. In the meantime he must have a bath and rushes up the marble staircase followed by his adoring family, to whom he discards even his ultimate garments. So great is Tony's charm, and so urgent his recital of what he has done and is about to do, that they follow him into the bath-cabinet. Mr. Fredric March gives a magnificent impersonation, so magnificent that it is almost impossible to believe that you are not watching Barrymore. The famous nose and the famous insistence upon profile, the charm and the absurdity, the gestures and the daemonism, the monkey-tricks and the blaze of temper-



IN "THE FRONT PAGE": MARY BRIAN AND ADOLPHE MENJOU

The film that is now at the Tivoli in the Strand after a big success on Broadway. As probably most people know, it is all about how American papers collect "scoops," and a man who has been condemned to the smoky cell

ament, all are here and are continuously and devastatingly exploited throughout what is really quite a good story. It ends with the death of the old actress during a performance of *The Merry Wives* and her replacement by her daughter, who has vowed never to act again. As a very great admirer and a personal friend of Barrymore I enjoyed this picture enormously, for with all its cruelty it does nothing to diminish one's sense of Barrymore's greatness as an actor. They say that Ethel Barrymore is not pleased with Miss Ina Claire's performance of Julia. But I can hardly believe this. Miss Claire gives one of the most delicious pieces of acting I have ever seen on the screen, and if Ethel Barrymore is half as good on the stage she must be a very fine comédienne. Lionel Barrymore does not come into the burlesque at all, and I can quite believe that he is the most annoyed of the entire family. He certainly has the most reason to be. The film is based on the work of Edna Ferber and George S. Kaufman, and it is easily the wittiest thing to be seen in London. It is brilliantly produced, with a brilliant performance of the old actress by Miss Henrietta Crosman. It was preceded on the evening I was there by something called *Heads Up*, a photographed musical-comedy of the most dire inanity, and extravagantly the worst film I have ever seen, but through which I would willingly sit again to see *The Royal Family of Broadway*. I advise readers, however, to find out the time of the latter's showing and look neither before nor after lest they pine at what regrettably is!

BIDDEN TO BUCKINGHAM PALACE



THE HON. CECILIA BOWES-LYON



MISS PEGGY PAGET



THE HON. ISABEL ARUNDELL



MISS DIANA BONHAM-CARTER



MISS JOCELYN WINGFIELD



MISS JEAN MAITLAND-MAKGILL-CRICHTON



LADY MALCOLM DOUGLAS-HAMILTON



MISS HEATHER HARRISON-BROADLEY

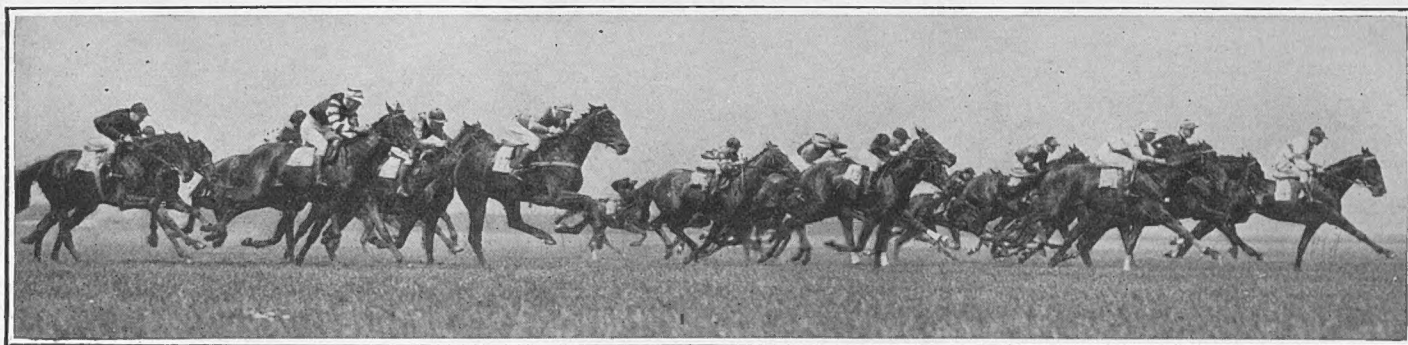


MISS CECILIA HORE-RUTHVEN

Here is a charming collection of the débutantes of 1931, together with Lady Malcolm Douglas-Hamilton, whom her mother-in-law, the Duchess of Hamilton, presented at the first Court (yesterday, May 19) on her marriage. Formerly Miss Pamela Bowes-Lyon, she was an April bride. The Hon. Cecilia Bowes-Lyon, her cousin, is Lord and Lady Glamis's elder daughter and a niece of the Duchess of York. Lord Anglesey's niece, Miss Paget, is Lady Drogheda's daughter by her first marriage. Lord and Lady Arundell of Wardour's younger daughter, the Hon. Isabel Arundell, is to have a dance given for her by her mother during the Season; she hunts with the South and West Wilts. Miss Wingfield also goes hunting with enthusiasm, her country being the Heythrop; she is the only daughter of Colonel the Hon. Maurice Wingfield and a niece of Lord Powerscourt. Miss Bonham-Carter is the only daughter of the late Captain Guy Bonham-Carter and lives in Hampshire. Lieut.-Col. David Maitland-Makgill-Crichton's daughter, who is to be presented by her mother, has just returned from a finishing school in Florence. Miss Harrison-Broadley is a niece of Sir Stanley Jackson, Governor of Bengal, and Miss Hore-Ruthven, who lives in Norfolk, is a kinswoman of Lord Ruthven.

Photographs by Hay Wrightson, New Bond Street

RACING RAGOUT : "GUARDRAIL"



"HERE THEY COME!"—A MOVING PICTURE OF THE DUXFORD SELLER AT NEWMARKET

As good a picture of a big field as has ever been taken. The Duxford Two-Year-Old Selling Plate was won by Lord Glanely's Gala Parade, ridden by Gordon Richards. This colt is by Blue Ensign out of Grand Gala by Grand Parade, the Derby winner of 1919, who was also owned by Lord Glanely

THE Jubilee meeting at Kempton was a great success as far as the weather and the big race went, but beyond that, as far as backers were concerned, it was as black as your hat. The race itself for sheer thrill would take a lot of beating. "Ghandi" Ray, on Christopher Robin, giving away nothing round the bend, made the best of his way home, but the horse could pull out no extra turn of foot, and Joe Childs, with his face set like a flint, gradually stole up and riding one of the strongest finishes of his life gained a bee's whisker victory on Racedale. A "pair of spectacles" in the frame would have surprised no one, but Mr. Hancock seldom gives a dead heat, and the breathless suspense before the numbers appeared had a happy ending for the great majority, as Racedale started a very hot favourite. It is said that a very large stake indeed was landed over him, and we hope it is true, to make up for his two bits of bad luck in the Duke of York's Stakes and the Cambridgeshire last year. The appreciation of the crowd in the paddock of Childs' riding was so great that for a fraction of a second a smile crossed his face. No harm, however, was done.

Having read of Captain Rochfort's invariable old-world courtesy to journalists, and thinking the moment propitious, I approached him with a view to obtaining for my readers first-hand information with regard to Jacopo. I am able to state that the attack of red-worm attributed to the horse by one of our leading writers can only be explained by one of two theories. Either the observant penman must have noticed a plate of long radishes put out for the apprentices' tea, or he must have been suffering from those aggravating thin red lines in front of the eyes which, alternating with a blur of Sir Charles Hyde's colours, are such distressing features of the dawn after an opaque night.

Captain Victor Gilpin, too, is always delighted to give interviews to the Press (stop laughing, that boy), and while accepting his defeat philosophically, I gathered he expected a dead heat would be signalled, or "two-thirds of a pawnbroker's sign," as he puts it in his droll way.

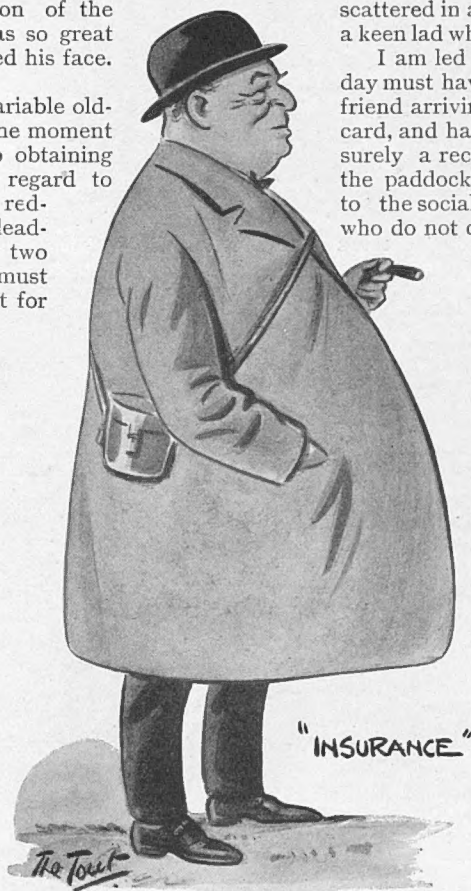
Racing on a big day at Kempton in Tattersalls is the height of discomfort, possibly done with the object of black-mailing people into becoming members, no daily badges being purchasable as on most other courses. The member's subscription, as on most courses, is made large enough to cover a lady's badge as well, a particularly aggravating and gratuitous piece of extravagance for a trappist or a misogynist for instance, but it has succeeded well in its original idea to attract ladies to racing, as they now almost outnumber the men in the members' enclosures. Why not introduce some such idea into Tattersalls and the other rings, and allow ladies in half-price? This, if successful, would produce a new clientèle for the Tote, which might also take a tip from the

casinos and finance a few mannequins to play *pour la maison*. Glorious weather for Newmarket, and five glorious favourites out of six on the first day to make up for the last week's lean times. Mixed doubles, these favourites worked out at over 150 to 1! Alcester is becoming nearly as popular a horse as Brown Jack, and there is no harder or more genuine and honest horse in training. It was a fine performance just to go under to Artist's Proof last meeting under a steeplechasing weight, and to win ten days later under nearly as much. Probably in Short Hand we saw a rather better two-year-old than the general run. Though badly drawn and first time out, he carried the stable confidence to the tune of a good many bars of gold, and though he only just won he had a roughish race and ran very green. He will run a ten-pound better horse next time. The apprentices' race was a tragedy. Probably due to their keenness and over-eagerness, several of them fouled the gate and were scattered in all directions, a heartrending end to the day for a keen lad who only gets a ride in public a few times a year.

I am led to believe that the attendance on the second day must have been immense, as a particularly voracious friend arriving late says she was unable to obtain a race card, and had to share one that she bought off a waiter; surely a record for headquarters. Anyway, the crowd in the paddock was very large and, to turn for a moment to the social side, included Lady Ashley and her sister, who do not often come racing, and were extremely decorative in terra cotta and green respectively, Miss Joan Buckmaster in a beige ensemble, and her father in a natty D.B. reefer costume with side, breast, and ticket pockets.

The Newmarket Stakes, looked upon as a foregone conclusion for Goyescas, produced a high-class field of horses than whom probably none went down better than Sir Andrew and certainly none came back better. Goyescas seemed full of himself but raced, if racing it can be called, as he never seemed to get going, with his head in the air. At no period of the chase did he look dangerous. If, as rumour goes, Jacopo can make a hack of this one then he must have a great Derby chance. A noticeable horse in this field was the oddly named Jacques Emile Blanche, belonging to the Aga Khan. This horse, not yet wound up, ran particularly well. He has a very taking stealing action and will win races. The Clarehaven run of seconds continued when Pyrene, a hot favourite after her Sandown race, beat her field all the way, only to be as easily beaten at the finish by an unconsidered outsider, and a gasp of "Pollux" went up from the onlookers as this speedy two-year-old of Mr. Rothschild won easily.

It is hard to believe that the season is drifting away so fast and that now we shall not be back again on this course till the October meetings, and shall not even be at Newmarket again till July. Newmarket is one of the only places to go racing, and one feels one can't have too much of it.



MR. P. W. CARR

Sketched by "The Tote" at the Newmarket Spring. Mr. Carr owns Insurance, the four-year-old which won the 1½ mile Queen Elizabeth Handicap at Kempton recently, as well as some other horses, and he is the father of the ex-cricket captain of England, Mr. A. W. Carr

AT HOME AND ABROAD



AT THE AFRICAN SOCIETY DINNER: SIR ABE BAILEY AND SIR E. J. HARDING



H.R.H. THE CROWN PRINCESS OF SWEDEN



AT THE CUNNINGHAM-REID CHRISTENING: MR. DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS (left), COLONEL WILFRID ASHLEY (right), AND LADY LOUIS MOUNTBATTEN WITH HER DAUGHTER, PATRICIA



AT THE AFRICAN SOCIETY DINNER LAST WEEK: LADY MAY CAMBRIDGE AND THE RIGHT HON. L. S. AMERY

At the African Society Dinner, which was held at the Mayfair Hotel, the guests of honour were the Earl of Athlone and H.R.H. Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone, who have just returned from South Africa, where Lord Athlone was first appointed Governor-General in 1923, and re-appointed in 1929, and had a most successful career of office. Sir Abe Bailey may have been saying something about his Derby colt, Portlaw, to Sir Edward Harding, Permanent Under Secretary of the Dominions Office since 1930, but if he has no one has reported it. Lady May Cambridge is Lord and Lady Athlone's daughter, and Mr. L. S. Amery is, of course, the ex-Secretary of State for the Colonies and for Dominion Affairs. H.R.H. the Crown Princess of Sweden was photographed outside one of her own country cottages in Sweden in that most becoming national dress. The other picture on this page was taken after the christening of the infant son of Captain and Mrs. Cunningham-Reid at St. Mark's, North Audley Street. The god-parents were Lord Louis Mountbatten, Sir John Salmond, Lady Brecknock, and Lady Forrest. Mrs. Cunningham-Reid is Lady Louis Mountbatten's sister

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

By RICHARD KING

A Two-Sided Author and His Two-Sided Book.

THE worst of earning a reputation of being the likely life and soul of a party is that one has to drag that life and that soul about with one to every party—henceforth, lest, peradventure, one be considered unmannerly and rude by hostesses anxious for reflected glory. Which, of course, is the worst of earning a reputation of any kind. It can become the devil's own halter around one's otherwise inoffensive and well-meaning neck. There is nothing so stultifying to progress as a label; although a label in the first instance can easily become as a letter of welcome introduction. People know what to expect from a "label." Mr. Jones is such a witty and amusing writer, and so Mr. Jones, unless he continues to be witty and amusing, is falling off if, so to speak, his last book doesn't make the duchess "woogle" with delight. Mrs. Jones is a beauty, and so the poor woman has to spend the rest of her life becoming less and less beautiful as the years advance, and becoming so in the full glare of every one of life's daily tittle-tattlers. Consequently, if Mr. Jones ceases to be amusing, he becomes nothing, and Mrs. Jones, no longer beautiful, is laughed at. No wonder the world is full of strident humorists and forlorn haridans gaily prinking. Ancient banners are for ever waving, and although they look extremely effective hanging in a church, they haven't at all the same effect in the spectacular scene of a modern revue. And if one belongs to the more spectacular excrescences of life it becomes increasingly difficult day by day to repeat the pristine impression. The wise, however, don't worry to repeat it; but most of us are, alas! unwise. And of all life's difficulties, the effort to outlive a reputation of being youthful and audacious, without at the same time suffering from a sense of rout, is one of the most trying. It is, I suppose, part of our ingrained Christian Puritanism never to visualize Christ as ever having *laughed*. I cannot record any statement that He even smiled. And so it has come about that the picture of Goodness is that of a person preternaturally solemn, and Truth, if it is to be regarded as such, must issue forth something like a be-feathered hearse on a still afternoon. No wonder most of us are *two* people, even outwardly. One is ourself-at-home alone, the other is ourself immediately an acquaintance comes to call. He is a very middle-aged philosopher who, as a rule, can take his At Home-self to a dinner party; while, to bring out one's Dinner Party-self at home is, even by the youngest among us, considered a sheer waste of brilliant material. Nevertheless in "Women and Children Last" (Cape. 7s. 6d.), Mr. Beverley Nichols exhibits his two-sided nature so cleverly as to placate both the worlds in which he moves. Yet there are signs in it that the Beverley Nichols who likes to retire to his country cottage to dream and grow flowers will eventually oust the Beverley Nichols who shines in revues, amusingly audacious magazine articles, in "pep" portraits of personalities. He may even merit one day that obloquy which is applied by dull, elderly critics to amusing young writers, namely, that at last he is "growing up." Most amusing young writers only grow up to repeat themselves in a violent fit of indigestion after the first luncheon-party given in their honour. Either that, or they fade away to live in Italy. Mr. Nichols shows signs of keeping all his wit and finding a new and, for him, a deeper wisdom. He has developed a few "hates," and that is always a healthy sign. Moreover, he hates the right people which, in one so young, is in itself remarkable; since most people invariably hate the wrong ones. Personally I am with him in all his hates, as I

am with him in all his pities. This, for example. "I often read that the modern young man is rude to his hostess, that débutantes do not write letters of thanks after a week-end party, that people behave dreadfully at dances. All this seems to be of the smallest importance. Very rich people *ought* to be rude to one another. It is stimulating to their nervous systems. But they ought to be very polite indeed to the underdogs—if only because scoring over a servant who is not permitted to answer back is as gallant and amusing a feat as potting a bird in a coop." And again: "Consider chauffeurs. I get abominably restive about chauffeurs. One drives to a house for tea at five o'clock, and the chauffeur waits. Tea is consumed and is followed by cocktails. The chauffeur waits. Darkness falls, and soon it will be time for dinner. The chauffeur waits. One drives back a distance of a few hundred yards. Then there is dinner, and half way through dinner somebody suddenly remembers and says, 'Oh, tell Jarvis we shan't want him any more to-night. He can call at ten to-morrow morning for orders.' Now this astonishing cruelty is practised by the most estimable employers



Edmund Harrington

THE MARCHIONESS OF CARISBROOKE

The Duke and Duchess of York have promised to be present at the Ball which Lady Carisbrooke and Lady Cynthia Colville are organizing for the Friends of the Poor, to take place on June 1 at Chandos House, kindly lent by Sir Gomer and Lady Berry. Lady Carisbrooke is a sister of the Earl of Londesborough and was formerly Lady Irene Denison

every day. It is practised by people who write large and secret cheques to ear-hospitals . . . by people who write to the papers saying that they saw a woman slap a baby in Hyde Park last Tuesday four times in the wrong place, and is that the sort of thing we are coming to, yours indignantly? Yet they just don't seem to realize that for hours and hours they continue to torture a young man with patient eyes sitting in their own car. For it is not so easy to sit in a car when one is young and the dusk is falling, and there is a lisp of movements on the pavements and laughter outside, and all the bright chances of love and adventure. . . . That is why I say that the average private chauffeur is a hero." On the other hand, "Women and Children" contain pages which, amusing in themselves, only merit the lifetime as promised by a popular weekly magazine. Women, however, occupy by far the larger portion. Mr. Nichols is very rude to women, but at any rate the kind of women he is rude to deserve all the rudeness which usually they never get. The world is mostly rude to women who merit a halo, instead of that which they have usually to don—a forlorn hat.

To-day in Russia.

One of the great virtues of Mr. Owen Tweedy's interesting and amusing book, "Russia at Random"

(Continued on p. 334)



THE MOZART FEST IN BÂLE

A group of notable people taken at this, one of the most important musical gatherings in Europe. The names, left to right, are: Fräulein Carmen Studer, a poetess and a pupil of Herr Felix Weingartner, the famous musical director who is next to her; Signor F. Autori, the artist opera singer who is a friend of ours, and the leading bass in operas such as "Figaro," "Don Giovanni," "Cosi Fan Tutte," etc., and Fräulein Marie Luise Schlumberger, a young sculptress of note

A MOVIE-TALKIE!

By George Belcher, A.R.A.



Irate Lady: And I'm your wife, let me tell you; not yer blinkin' panorama

WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

(Jarrolds. 7s. 6d.), is that he doesn't seek to praise Communism at the expense of Capitalism, neither does he seek to belittle Communism for the glorification of the Capitalist. In fact, he doesn't try to be critical at all; which is the wisest plan to pursue when we have to deal with other people's personal affairs. He just relates what he saw during a brief but somewhat hectic trip to Russia in company with a few hundred other excursionists, and lets politics, morality, and any except the more superficial judgments take care of themselves—which, after all, is the proper attitude to assume towards anything so immature as the Soviet. What Russia will become is for Russians to decide—as most certainly they will. It is their affair. By what I have read I do not think that I, personally, should care to live in a Communist country; but then, a Capitalist country is no paradise either. I dare say when Communist Russia has shaken down it will contain no greater proportion of general misery than did Imperial Russia, and, perhaps, who yet knows? a good deal less. What I should loathe would be the lack of freedom in a purely Communistic State—the awful horde of officials whose sole object in life seems to be in finding out if you are more or less of a Communist than you were. We have already far too many petty laws and small officials as it is. Mr. Tweedy's description of shopping at the State-owned shops would drive me wild in a fortnight. On the other hand, the Russian care and respect for National art and possessions are all to the good. The Soviet facilities for universal education also seem so many steps in the right direction. Public health, public play-grounds, all that is important to the well-being of the worker, even the respect for work as work, is at least a feather in the much blood-stained Russian cap. But what I should loathe is the everlasting State interference with liberty. The awful mass-modelling of the individual. The apparently almost

necessary visa to have even a bun for one's tea. That depressingly enforced comradeship. The everlasting queue-up to do anything or go anywhere. Mr. Tweedy describes all these tiresome restrictions undertaken in the name of Liberty very amusingly, but not without a personal prejudice against them which I certainly should share. His book, moreover, draws a graphic picture of Petersburg, now of course Leningrad, and apparently a city of dilapidation and decay. On the other hand, Moscow is full of life and movement. Yet always and everywhere the blatant or secret Soviet propaganda. So that one is never allowed to forget it. So that it follows you everywhere, especially if you be a tourist. And yet, the net result in both experience and by reading is that, when it comes to the question of Russia as it is to-day, the wise man knows not what to think. It is, I suppose, too early so far to judge such a revolutionary experiment. Mr. Tweedy doesn't judge. The result is that his book gives one an extraordinarily vivid picture of how Soviet Russia would strike anyone to-day were he to visit it as a stranger and not as a propagandist for or against the Government, a stranger, of course, who was merely passing through. Only a "crank" would want to stop—at least for a great many years. As such it has information and real value.

She Asked to be Slapped.

Anyway, I would like to dump down in the middle of present-day Russia all women of the type of the Honourable Rosita Wycombe, the heroine of Cosmo Hamilton's new novel,

"Happiness" (Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.). She was a dreadful product of capitalism, western marriage laws, and all the tiresome behaviour of being rich without having to justify her ease. She had high ideals and a habit of sobbing. Her ideal was her own happiness, and believing that she did not find it with her husband, Ronny, but might possibly find it with Ashley Wamborough, she asked her husband to provide her with evidence for divorce. (They seem to manage these things in a cleaner fashion in Russia.) So Ronny took Sheila, his secretary, who loved him secretly, for an inwardly proper but outwardly improper week-end. This gave Rosita her freedom. After the decree had been made absolute, Ronny took Sheila and his sister down to his villa at Mentone, where he hoped to find forgetfulness. Instead of that he found his ex-wife entertaining her fiancé and two loathly married couples. Hers, however, was the kind of love which divorce makes fonder. She leapt at Ronny when she saw him and kissed him violently. But that night Ronny, who ought to have loved his wife less and slapped her far more, wandered about the house until exhausted, he went for sympathy to Sheila's room, where he fell asleep. When he emerged next morning, however, one of the loathly guests saw him and told the story at breakfast. Whereupon Sheila

told the true version, and Rosita was so touched by the recital that she suddenly realized how happiness lies not in loving but in being loved. She was the perfect imbecile, but so was Ronny. Consequently, they seemed like being happy together at the end of the book. And if you like a brightly told story of bright imbecility, describing vividly the brightly imbecile life, this is a novel to be thoroughly recommended. It is very bright, and mostly about "idiots."

Hell on Earth.

Almost every book which deals with the Foreign Legion is conscious, or unconscious, propa-

ganda against it. One wonders at moments how any man ever joins it, in spite of poverty and unemployment which seem to be its best recruiting agencies. "Hell in the Foreign Legion" (Allen and Unwin. 8s. 6d.), by Ernst F. Lohndorff, translated by Gerald Sgelly, follows more or less in the tradition. It is bitter, full of moving stories of the brutalities, the vices, the desperate attempts to escape by almost every soldier in the Legion at some time or another; and yet, unlike many books on the subject, it also presents the more pleasant, the less brutal side to life in the Legion. This only helps to make the "hell" of it seem more true, since such lack of personal bias lends to the story a greater air of conviction. And one of the most curious facts in his narrative is that, in spite of everything, many a time-discharged soldier, he tells us, immediately re-enlists. As if they dare not go back to freedom; that the evil they know well is better than the evil which may await them outside the ranks. Lurid, rather dreadful, the writer's narrative may be, but it is intensely exciting, interesting, horribly vivid.

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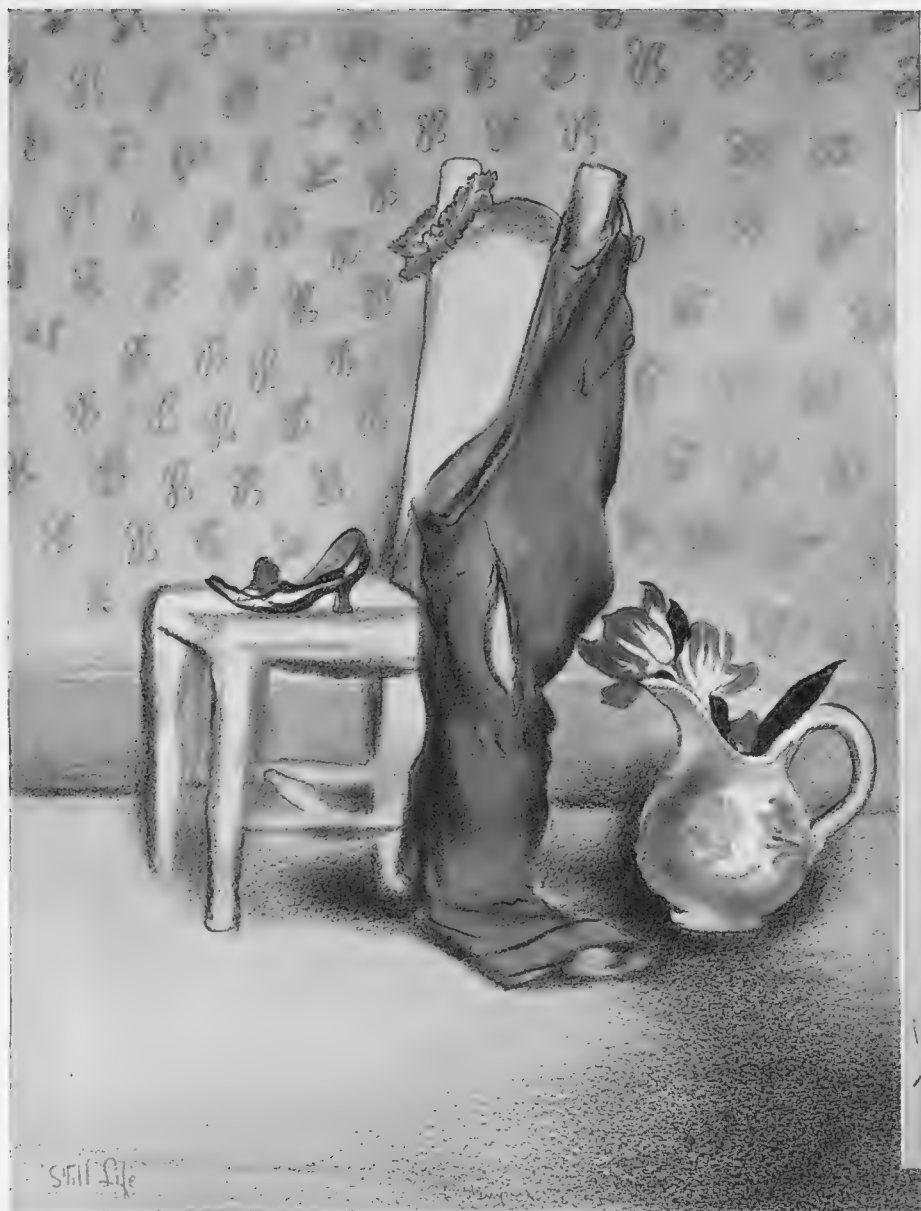
BY RICHARD KING

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THE ETERNAL TRIANGLE!



STILL LIFE

Some specimens of the artist's work—in lighter mood—which are on view at Messrs. Bull and Sanders' Gallery, 23, Cork Street, Bond Street. Blampied in these quaintly humorous imaginings has broken out in a new direction, for his work generally is connected with delicate little pictures, many of which have been published at different times in this paper. The exhibition opened on May 13, and will remain open till June 20. Edmund Blampied is a Fellow of the Royal Society of Painter-Etchers, and is a Jerseyman by birth. His pictures have been exhibited in the Paris Salon and elsewhere, and have appeared in the English, French, and American journals

THE BLAMPIED EXHIBITION



THE NEW MOON



THE BAD EGG



AT BROOKLANDS: LADY MERCY DEAN AND MR. H. G. SELFIDGE

The plane, which belongs to Mr. Selfridge's son, is an Avro Avian. Lady Mercy Dean is an aunt of the Earl of Warwick and the wife of Mr. Basil Dean, who is so famous in the theatre world

almost certainly a unique record and it shows how firm is the hold which aviation has on its true supporters. Mrs. Griffith Brewer, who was also entertained at Hanworth on the same occasion, was the first woman to cross the English Channel by air, having done so in 1906 in a balloon. Major Baden-Powell, who flew with Wilbur Wright in 1908 and who made his first balloon flight even before Mr. Griffith Brewer, was also at the luncheon. Colonel the Master of Sempill presided and there were many aeronautical pioneers and enthusiasts among the guests.

Lady Elibank, Sir Henry White-Smith, Sir Alan Cobham, Sir Francis Maclean, Mr. Handley Page, and Mr. and Mrs. Gordon England were there, and with the club-house and the aerodrome looking their best in the brilliant sunshine it is impossible to imagine a more pleasant afternoon. Colonel Sempill is not only putting new life into National Flying Services, but he is also giving it economic stability. One may say that while more aeroplanes are being put into the air the organization of the company is being brought down to earth. Previously there was a tendency in the opposite direction.

The Workshops.

I took the opportunity to look over the workshops which are under Major Williams. The conditions are ideal, with well-lighted, roomy sheds, and the work routine perfectly arranged. Anyone who has his maintenance and repair work done at Hanworth can be satisfied that he

AIR EDDIES : *By* OLIVER STEWART

Forty Years of Flying.

Forty years ago Mr. Griffith Brewer made his first flight in a balloon; to-day he holds an aeroplane-pilot's certificate, owns a Moth and flies it at Hanworth almost every week end. On the fortieth anniversary of his first flight he was entertained at the National Flying Services Club House at Hanworth, after having made a flight in his Moth in the morning to celebrate the occasion. It is

is getting the best possible results. The lavish scale on which things were started, though it may originally have been a liability, is now an asset. The best tools and the best conditions are available.

On the flying side there is Flight-Lieutenant Max Findlay, who, if I remember rightly, was a Royal Naval Air Service man, and a staff of first-class instructors. There are Gipsy Moths galore and a good aerodrome. Nor must the new smoke device for showing the wind and the north arrow on the landing circle be forgotten. Of the smoke device I shall speak when I have had experience of it. But of the north arrow there can be no two opinions. It should be included in the standard markings of every aerodrome in the country. It is true that the lettering on most aerodromes has the top towards the north; but there is no rule about this, and there may be some exceptions. About a north arrow there can be no doubt. It is a small, inexpensive improvement which will be of great value to cross-country flyers.

Spring Cruise.

On Saturday the Heston Annual Spring Cruise is due to start, led by Mr. Nigel Norman. The catalogue of stopping places alone is enough to whet the appetites of all who are moved with concord of sweet sounds. Douai and Rheims are the first day's stopping places, then Beaune and Lyons, Nîmes, Avignon, Hyères, Carcassonne, Biarritz, Bordeaux, Poitiers, Tours, and Le Touquet. To think that such names may become



MISS HARRIET COHEN

A snapshot of the famous pianist, and not a flattering one, taken at Heston just before she took off for a flight

familiar to the busiest man if he buys himself an aeroplane! About twelve machines will be going on this cruise.

It is not only from England that parties of people are flying on short cruises, but also to England, though why they should wish to come here it is impossible to tell. England is now the forbidden country of forbidden things and all who are in search of pleasure are agreed that it is best avoided. But if you want a good sleep it is the most suitable country in the world. However, some foreign pilots have decided that England is worth visiting, and a party of ten aeroplanes piloted by members of the Düsseldorf

(Continued on p. xviii)



AT HESTON AIR PARK

Miss Bunting Stevenson and Mr. Jackaman in a D.H. Moth, in which they went for a long-distance flight last week



MRS. THEODORE WESSEL (also inset) AND HER DAUGHTERS

Mrs. Wessel was formerly Lady Churston, and married Mr. Theodore Wessel as her second husband in 1928. Lord Churston died last year, and the present Lord Churston is his and Mrs. Wessel's son. Their eldest daughter is the Hon. Mrs. Loel Guinness, who was married in 1927. The daughters in this picture are the Hon. Denise, the Hon. Lydia, and the Hon. Primrose Yarde-Buller. The younger son and heir-presumptive is the Hon. John Yarde-Buller, who was born in 1915. The present Lord Churston was born in 1910.

Photographs by Hay Wrightson, New Bond Street





"THE LAST WORD IN FRENCH PERFECTION":
JANE AUBERT

The American Press has enthused tremendously over beautiful Jane Aubert, who has been playing in a new musical comedy, "America's Sweetheart," in New York. The papers have acclaimed her as "the last word in French perfection"

TRÈS CHER,—A slight error of judgment as to what is (or is not) permissible when driving a car has landed me in a nursing home . . . quite a pleasant place (for it is the great surgeon, Thierry de Martel's favourite clinic) and all that, but considerably limiting to one's activities! Fact is, my dear, I have done nothing worth recording publicly since I dry-docked for repairs in this haven of cream enamel and drawn sunblinds, and goodness knows that enamel and drawn blinds are not inspiring! I live in a sort of cotton wool silence punctuated by the soft, oozy sigh of the lift that comes to a halt on my floor not far from the muffling double doors of my room; there is also a tap that sometimes drips in my bath-room and last night—great excitement—there was an amorous cat in the garden!

I can think of nothing . . . and yet I am obsessed by the feeling that I had something I especially wanted to discuss with you . . . something or somebody! I will try working through the alphabet. A—Automobiles? (Not for the moment, thank you!) Acrobats? (At the Médrano circus there is a marvellous troupe of athletes . . . but that is certainly not what I wanted so especially to tell you! Armaments? (Politics have never thrilled me!). Ar . . . Ar . . . Argentina! That's it, of course. Argentina. Our wonderful Argentina, who is making her bow to London on the 27th! Before you go to see her you ought to know more about her than the mere fact that she is a "Spanish dancer." A Spanish dancer means for so many people, as indeed it meant for me before I saw La Argentina, a dark and flamboyant female sucking a rose, snapping her fingers, and wagging an excessively rotund "sit-upon" swathed in a taut-drawn, embroidered shawl. The steps performed seem to be all singularly alike, a dust-raising shuffle in one small area of the stage.

One does not know what Spanish dancing can be until one has seen Argentina. She is, with the regretted Pavlova, the most supremely distinguished mover in the world. Her grace is perfect; her technique unsurpassed. She is never pretty, but often she is beautiful—poignantly beautiful. Her heavy chestnut hair is coiled low on her neck in a glossy mass; one is captivated by her immense eyes and flawless teeth and the very perfect modelling of her jaw. On the stage she appears to be tall, though she is not so in reality, and she is slim with the most lovely lines of body and limb.

Priscilla in Paris

La Argentina was born in Buenos Aires, hence her stage name, for the register of her natal town mentions only a certain little Antonia Merce (she is still "Tonia" to her intimate friends), but she is a pure-blooded Spaniard despite the land of her birth, for her mother was an Andalouse and her father a Castilian. She began to study classic dancing as a four-year-old child, when her father was *primero bailarín* of the *corps de ballet* of "His Very Catholic Majesty of Spain" at the Madrid Opera House. In those days the castanets were so big and heavy that the little Antonia's tiny hands could scarcely manipulate them; it was this that led her, later, to experiment with various sizes and shapes until she obtained the perfect instrument that she now uses and that enables her, for the interpretation of certain *sequidillas*, to dance without orchestral music or even a piano or guitar accompaniment, the rhythm of the dance being emphasized only by the trilling of the castanets and the clicking of her heels.

Again with Pavlova and, perhaps, Isadora Duncan, Argentina is the only dancer I know who can, alone, fill the immense stage of the Paris Opera House or the Théâtre des Champs Elysées. In Albeniz' famous *Cordoba*, that she will surely dance for you in London, she will hold you spellbound from the moment when she glides into your vision from between the grey velvet curtains that form both the wings and the background of the stage. She wears a vast but supple and billowing crinoline of dead white chiffon flounced with deep black lace, and her expressive little face under a black mantilla is a pale mask of melancholy. Argentina dances *de toute son âme*; she can be as tragic in the *Cordoba* as she can be *gamine* and wilfully loutish in her peasant dance of the *Lagarterana*, or magnificently stately in the measured tempo of Granados' *Danza V.* . . . but I have said enough, in a little while now you will be able to judge for yourself.

There is only one thing more to add. In spite of the universal triumphs and honours she has known during the last five or six years Argentina is the most retiring and diffident of women. When she makes her curtsy to you from the footlights of the Pavilion you may be sure that her heart will be beating with the terror that is inspired by the most agonizing stage fright, and she longs to please you, so welcome her well.—Très Cher,

PRISCILLA.



"LA MERI"

A beautiful American, who has been having a big success in Spain and more recently in Paris, where she has given several recitals. La Meri is also the authoress of a number of novels and books of verse

SOME MOVING PICTURES



DOROTHY MACKAILL

Pretty Dorothy MacKaill is the English film star who, like another celebrity (Amy Johnson), comes from Hull, where she was born about twenty-seven years ago. The American film directors and casting experts avow that she has the most shapely legs in the whole of the movie world and even go so far as to say that they beat Mistinguet's. She was originally a dancer, which perhaps accounts for it. She is now one of the Warner Brothers' fixed stars. Marion Davies, who probably is the most painted lady in all America, for she has sat for so many famous artists, was, like Dorothy MacKaill, a Ziegfeld Folly. Few film stars escape that distinction. She is fond of Tomboy rôles, but what her newest picture is we shall have to wait and see. Little Sidney Fox is a very young star but is playing a leading rôle in the Universal picture, "Gambling Daughters," during the traffic of which she has a frolic with a brood of real chicks



MARION DAVIES IN "IT'S A WISE CHILD"



SIDNEY FOX IN "GAMBLING DAUGHTERS"

SPORT NORTH AND SOUTH



AT THE SWITHELL STEEPLECHASES

Howard Barrett

A group in the grand stand at this meeting, where gallant old veterans like Blancona and Bright's Boy came out and won their races in good form. In the front of the picture, left to right more or less, are: Mrs. D. McCraith, Ted Leader, who rode two winners, Mr. W. Bissill, Mr. H. E. Cartwright, Miss Monica Sheriffe, Mr. Reggie Hobbs and Mr. Osborne, and amongst those behind are Mr. F. E. Groves, Lady Beryl Gilbert, Lady Ursula Filmer-Sankey, Mr. Bob Everett, Mr. J. Hole, Major Bill Power, Miss Seely, Miss Warrand, Miss Sheila Seely, Mrs. James Seely, Mrs. Cherry Downes and Mrs. Algy Platt

SIR JAMES DUNN AND
CAPTAIN HILLCHESTER RACES: MR. F. A. WARD, MR. HARRY
COTTRILL, MAJOR BASIL KERR AND LADY DUNNMR. AND MRS. SIMON
ELWES

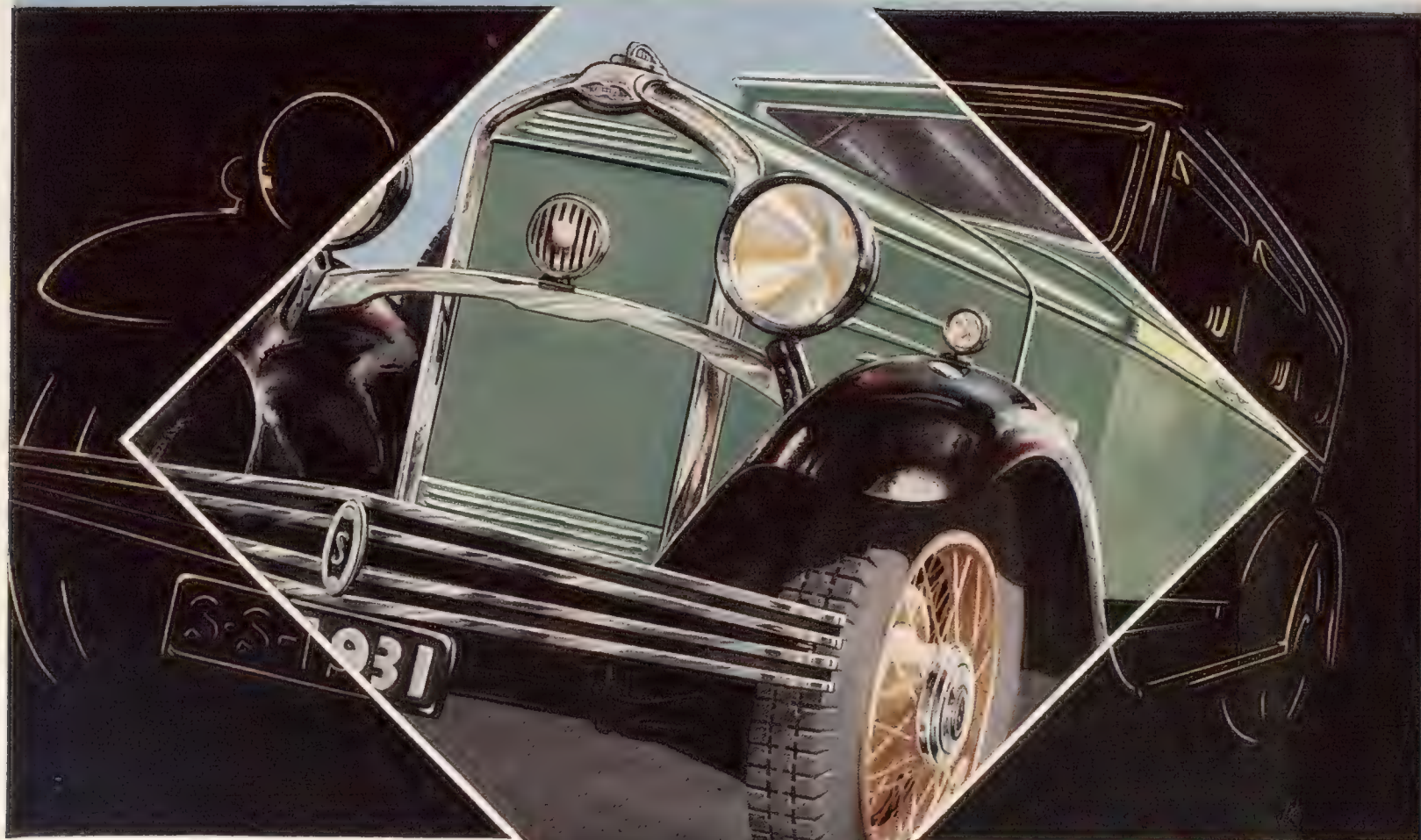
All these three snapshots were taken up in the North during Chester Cup week. Sir James Dunn and Captain Hill are more or less just back from a little tour in Germany with Lord Beaverbrook. Lady Dunn was at Chester the day gallant old Brown Jack won the Cup. Mr. Simon Elwes, the artist, has a good portrait of the Hon. Mrs. James Beck in this year's Academy and has had success with a number of other sitters

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THE H

By H. M. J.

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Bateman

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A SPRING ENGAGEMENT



LADY FIONA PRATT

Yevonde



SIR
GERARD
FULLER

Bassano



A RECENT SNAPSHOT

One of the first of the season's engagements was announced last week when that of Lord and Lady Camden's younger daughter to Sir Gerard Fuller, Bt., who is in the Life Guards, was given out. Lady Fiona Pratt's elder sister, Lady Irene, married Lord Ashcombe's second son, Major the Hon. Archibald Cubitt, R.A., in 1926. Sir Gerard Fuller is the second baronet and succeeded his father in 1915—he is twenty-five. The late Sir John Fuller was at one time Vice-Chamberlain of His Majesty's Household and later Governor of Victoria 1911-14

Bubble and Squeak



MISS MARGARET WHIGHAM

Lenore

The beautiful daughter of Mrs. George Hay Whigham of Queen's Hill, Ascot, and Grosvenor House, who was one of the most admired of last year's débutantes. Miss Whigham has spent a good deal of her time in America, and for this reason possibly is sometimes believed to be a citizeness of the U.S.A.—quite wrong, of course, as she is all-British

AN engineering firm, having received an order from a native Eastern client, put the specifications in train and, on completing the machine, duly crated and despatched same.

By return of post a lengthy epistle was received, couched in the most brilliant Babu invective, demanding to know how the writer could be expected to get the machine to work without a starting-handle.

This letter was sent round the various departments, with suitable comments and responsibility for the error passed on in the usual manner, and it was not until it had completed its circuit in the chief's office that a postscript was noticed:

"The goddam handle was in the bottom of the box."

Jamie had just received a visit from an insurance agent and was talking it over with his friend.

"Queer chaps these insurance men are," mused Jamie.

"How so?" asked his friend.

"Weel, they hev to make ye believe that ye may dee next week so that ye will take a policy oot wi' them. Then they hev to make themsels believe that ye will live for years before they will let ye take oot a policy."

It was his first day as a caddie and he had shown so much interest in the play that at the end of it his employer could not forbear asking him how he liked it.

"Oh! I'm just crazy about it," replied the youngster. "The only part I don't like is carrying this bag."

The romantic young thing watched the object of her affections stroll down to the wicket to bat for his side.

"My hero!" she murmured, as he gracefully set himself to slog the attack all over the field.

But the first ball scattered his wicket. "My bowled hero!" she sighed.

A professor was in the habit of letting his dog sit by his side at meals. One evening when he was out at dinner a lady next to him, wishing to attract his attention, gently touched his sleeve.

To the consternation of all present, he mechanically transferred a bone from his plate and said, "Oh, get away. Take this out on the mat and eat it."

He wished to visit his tailor's to order a new suit, and his wife insisted on coming with him. They disagreed over the material for the suit, and the lady lost her temper.

"Oh, well," she said snappily, "please yourself. I suppose you are the one who will wear the clothes."

"Well," observed her spouse, mildly, "I didn't suppose you'd want to wear the coat and waistcoat!"

A man gave a friend a lift in his car. "By Jove!" exclaimed the passenger, "you just have done a lot of touring this year; I see you've done almost ten thousand miles."

"Oh," replied the owner, wearily, "that was mostly looking for parking places in town!"

Conductor!" said the fussy woman on the pavement, "is this bus going to Piccadilly?"

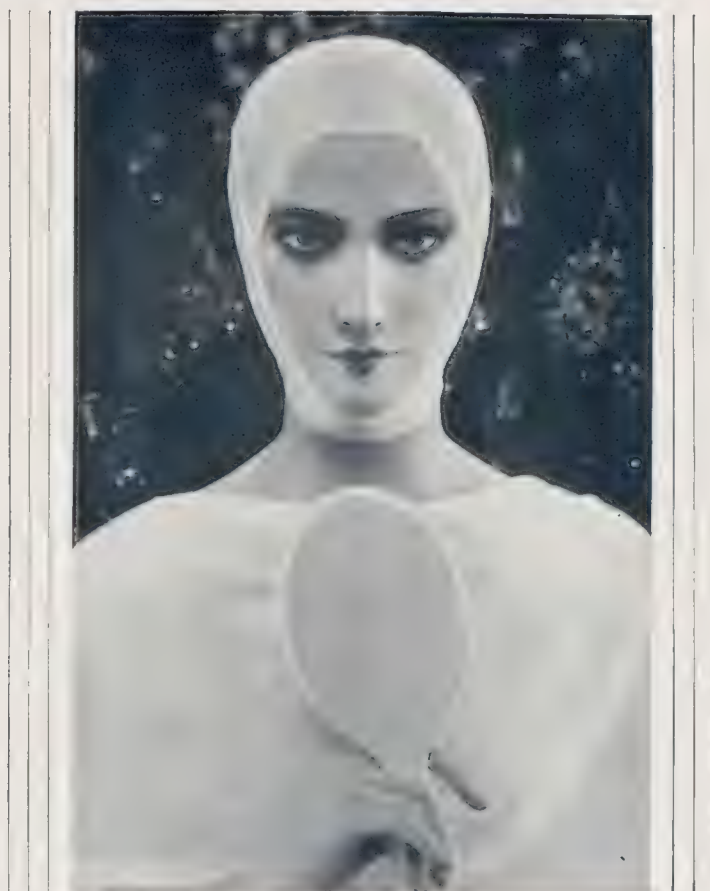
"No, mum, we're going the other way," replied the conductor.

"But it's got Piccadilly written on it."

"Yes, mum," from the man, pulling the bell, "and that tram's got Nestlé's Milk on it, but it isn't going to Switzerland."

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MADRID

ROME



AT CANNES: MISS GOLDMAN
AND MISS COATS

Two of quite the most charming ladies at the moment on the Riviera. Miss Goldman is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Goldman, and the other that of Major and Mrs. Jack Coats

position eloquently indicated by the Board of Control's estimate that there are at least 30,000 defectives for whom no accommodation exists.

Why "surprise"? Surely the argument of facts is absolutely overwhelming?

There is, I understand, a definite measure of uneasiness being manifested over this new discovery by two learned German professors of the serum, or dope, which compels people to tell the truth. My reading tells me that it is made out of a cocktail of morphine and acopolomine, that it is quite tasteless, and not harmful to the physical health—rather the reverse in fact. It breaks down things they call "inhibitions," and I understand that, so far, it is only designed for use upon murderers, fraudulent financiers, plug-uglies, smash-and-grab motor bandits, and chicken-snatchers; but supposing it should come into general use in society? Since it is tasteless and colourless, but so absolutely unerring, suppose some of our friends—the ones who call one another "darling" and by their pet names, and who want to find out if she is the Shiny Serpent they had been told she was, or he was the bounder everyone suspected, and only a superbly good actor—suppose, I say, they slapped a bit of this stuff into the cocktails? Supposing someone got at the cove who supplies drink to the members of the House of Commons (even down to barley water and near-beer for the anti's)? Supposing someone doped the Editor of this paper, and he was compelled to stick in the bald and unvarnished under all the pretty pictures he publishes? Breaking down inhibitions may be jolly fun for German scientists, and I am certain murderers ought to have it done on them, also some witnesses, but I foresee truly terrible results if this stuff ever comes on to the market.

ANTI-LIARINE
GET IT AT YOUR CHEMIST'S
AND

HEAR WHAT YOUR FRIENDS THINK ABOUT YOU!

Nice old game, won't it be? And it is quite likely that it will happen. They say to make a cert of it you must not be mangy with the stuff. Give him or her a real binder and it is bound to work like a dog fight. The main idea is "The Bigger the Liar

Pictures in the Fire

By "SABRETACHE"

IN the daily press of our illustrious City of London I read recently:

To the public in general it must have come as a surprise to learn of the position of affairs—a

the Bigger the Dose." Quite simple. I expect most people will have to have a double. Of course there are a few whom you need not dope, amongst these being (a) the absent-minded, and (b) the deliberately rude. In the former class I once knew a Bishop's wife, a perfectly charming creature, but quite dangerous. One time when she and the Bishop were dining with some people who for soup always gave you hot water with some bits of uncooked carrot and bottled peas floating in it, fish that tasted like cod-liver oil and the rest made to match, she stopped short after the first spoonful of soup, and said: "Cold and greasy again! Francis, we really *must* sack that cook!" I do not think the Bishop's wife will need any of this acopolomine muck. Neither, for the matter of that, will an artist who comes under category (b)—the deliberately rude. I will call this person Sir Mangle Wurzeley. He is one of those who is never really dry—nose, hands, hair, and so on, and he is convinced that Pomade

Hongroise adds a definite kick to his moustachios. He is what you might call a Social Snake (and Ladder) Merchant, for his slogan is, "I rejoiced when they said unto me, 'arise, let us go into the house of a lord'." That is the picture. Well, once at a dinner-party to which he happened to be asked because his host and hostess wanted something out of him, he was accosted by another of his tribe, also asked for business purposes, like this: "Hello, Mangle, oo'd a thort o' seein' you 'ere?" "Yus," said Mangle, in something a lot above even a stage aside, "but I've 'ad me dinner afore I come—point steak and onions—you get nothing worth



ROUGH STUFF AT THE SOUTHDOWN
HUNT PAGEANT

Slingstone, a plug-ugly of the Neolithic period (Major Noel Sampson), doing a bit of "coorting" with Evaboulda (Miss Rose Bingham). This is the effect Spring had on the lads in those times. Grab your dame and biff her one was the big idea. The show was a glittering success all round, and this picture illustrates merely one of the incidents

eatin' 'ere!" His hostess (as he knew) was standing with her back to him! Another species of person who need not have any of this anti-liar dope is the one who says, "Oh, hullo Mrs. Barley-water! How's your husband? Still punishing the fluids as hard as ever?"

(Cont. on p. xii)



THE HON. NEIL PRIMROSE (right) AND THE
HON. GWYNETH BRUCE, HIS COUSIN

"I can walk, and I'll show you how!" is the story which this very nice picture tells. If the Hon. Neil Primrose turns out to be half as good a man as his father, the Senior Steward and the Master of the Whaddon, and his mother, he will not do badly. Lady Rosebery is a sister of Lord Aberdare, and the Hon. Gwyneth is Lord and Lady Aberdare's youngest daughter



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POLO NOTES :

By
"SERREFILE."

HURLINGHAM, as usual, is giving us a good programme for Whit-Monday, a day upon which the ground, as usual, is open to the public as it is on all Saturdays during the season; and there are two matches, England v. Ireland and the Army v. Hurlingham. The date is the 25th, and, if it does not rain in the interim and on the day, the card should be a very attractive one. There is a public for polo, as is evidenced by the good attendances upon any big day, and if our greatest of enemies, the climate, were a bit kinder to us there would be an even bigger one.

The entries and the draw for this year's Inter-Regimental, the semi-finals and the final of which are always played at headquarters, conjure a belief that the polo season has really begun. Some one, who is a very well-known personality in the polo world, made a remark to me the other day which we all have forgotten to make all these years. It was this: "How on earth anyone can be persuaded to try to play polo in this country I cannot understand." He added that he was very glad, of course, that there were numbers of people so confiding as to believe it to be possible, but I thought that this remark just about sized things up and said a whole volume, especially to those who try to train an International team in England. This climate is bound to beat us; it cannot be relied upon, and until we free ourselves from this tremendous handicap we shall continue to fight with one hand tied behind our backs. Captain C. H. Tremayne and those concerned with him in putting our last year's International team into shape did all that could be done, but miracles having gone out of fashion, he and his helpers could not do more than they did. Forty-four days fit for play at the London clubs, and not all of these for fast polo, and a few more added on down at Norton, and of those again not all on fast grounds, for the rain was pretty general—what a chance to give even a team of super-men! Bluntly stated, it is unwise to expect that polo on any of the London grounds can be possible before the middle of May—and the season is supposed to open on the 1st. And the London season ends officially on July 31. Two weeks dead certain to be cut out at the start, with the probability of a good many more during the season—but ten weeks minus two is not a very difficult sum to

do even without a pencil and paper. That is all we can hope to get. Teams with a London campaign before them would therefore, so far as can be seen, save a lot of their time and money if they stayed down at the Beaufort Club till, at any rate, the first half of May is through. This would mean, of course,

that things like the Whitney Cup and early-on fixtures would suffer, but as things are permitted to go by the weather they suffer in any case. They could not play the final of this Cup last year till June 9. It should have been played on May 24.

The entry for the Inter-Regimental this year totals thirteen, or one less than last season, and probably this tournament will be the most interesting of any, for where regimental teams are concerned we do know that they represent something definite, whereas

teams competing in other events are just groups of players banded together by various enthusiastic organizers who bear a good deal of the expense personally, to have a fight for the pure love of the thing. This, of course, is all to the good up to a point, but only up to a point.

It would be, for instance, more interesting from the public point of view if amongst these teams there were included A and B Hurlingham teams, the units of which signed on to play for Hurlingham and for no one else, excepting their regiments. We should thus have eight to a dozen definite foundation stones for our next International team, and should not find our International aces getting the bulk of their practice apart from each other. There were some notable articles written by Brigadier-General R. L. Ricketts in "The Polo Monthly" early this year—January and February—upon this very subject, portions of which I intend to steal presently.

In this year's Inter-Regimental we shall miss the 17th/21st Lancers who have so dominated the situation ever since the War and have only been beaten once—by the Gunners—but their absence may make for a more open battle and thus increase the interest. Here, as a prelude to a few more details, are the entries, the draw, and the dates, the latter, of course, all w.p.:

First ties must be played by June 18 (London group by June 20); second ties by June 25 (London group by June 27); and the semi-finals by July 2. All ties in London

(Continued on p. xvi)



THE BLUES' TEAM

The team which, receiving $6\frac{1}{2}$ goals, was beaten 17 to those points by Merchiston in the Ranelagh Fortnightly Cup Tie. The names are: Mr. R. E. Laycock, Captain Broughton, Captain Ward Jackson, and the Earl of Erne



AT ROEHAMPTON: MR. AND MRS. F. G. B. ARKWRIGHT AND SIR HAROLD WERNHER

Weather permitting, polo may be able to carry on according to plan, but rain, as usual, has delayed things. Sir Harold Wernher is putting his Someries House team into commission again this season. He is Senior Master of the Fernie



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In the hexagonal bottle

PETROL VAPOUR : By W. G. ASTON.



THE DRAGON FLIES XI

beat

THE DANES C.C. XI

R. S. Crisp

The names, left to right, are: Back row—J. A. Deed, R. B. Hunt, G. D. Young, N. B. Colt (hon. secretary), R. C. Mordaunt, J. Martineau, M. H. de Zoete. Front row—The Hon. R. F. J. Remnant, E. J. Mordaunt, Captain W. A. T. Synge (captain), S. Rogerson, A. P. Webster

The names, left to right, are: Back row—J. E. S. Simon, W. M. Mitchell, H. H. Petley, J. L. Williams, J. C. Hosken, P. G. E. Nash. Sitting—G. E. M. Pennefather, H. F. Robinson, P. Middlemas (captain), P. B. Martineau, H. C. D. Abrams

The scores in this encounter were: The Danes (Mr. Dewar's XI), 180; The Dragon Flies, 185 for 5. The match was played at Welwyn

Well-known amateur touring clubs are invited to send photographs to the Editor of THE TATLER

The Figures.

STATISTICS are poor things, in spite of the fact that if you want to prove a point you can do almost anything you like with them; but now and then I find them interesting, especially those published by the Ministry of Transport. These must be a positive delight to the Nosey Parker type of man who is never happy unless he knows a little bit more about his neighbour's business than he does about his own. Occasionally I suppose this kind of fellow is justified, for no doubt there are still a few folks in the motor business in whom the truth is not, and probably never has been. In the belief that optimism and mendacity are interchangeable terms, they will tell you that "last February we delivered over two hundred cars, all bought by private customers." Then, if you are Nosey Parkerish, you consult those handy little books issued by "The Auto-car" and "The Motor," so as to get the rating of the said vehicles, in conjunction with the Ministry of Transport's compilation—and, well, you find that your informant was guessing again. More than that, if you apply yourself to the finer shades of deduction, you can calculate with astonishing exactness all the out-puts of all the British factories. In America they save you this trouble, for all these figures are openly published, but here we are more reticent, and hence an oblique method of obtaining information has to be adopted. Why this should be I don't know. But at all events there is one fact that emerges from the M.O.T. figures which I think is worthy of passing notice. During last December, January, and February a total of 33,895 cars were registered, showing a very considerable fall as compared with the turnover for the same months in the previous year. And of these only 2,547 were of the "open-touring" sort. One's eyes on the road tell one that the saloon is strikingly predominant, but I would not have imagined the proportion was as high as this. Since I saw these statistics I have consulted one of those car manufacturers who never seeks to hide things. He bluntly told me that he "catalogued" an open-tourer, and that he had built one so as to see what it really looked like and to have it photographed, but he reckoned that if his salesman could not switch an enquirer for an open car into a saloon proposition he was not worth his salt. And I believe much the same applies to coupés. They are jolly little things, so nice to look upon, so snug, and all that sort of thing, and I have had several of them, but for practical purposes

they are not a patch on a saloon, even if the latter be used normally as only a two-seater. For of all the abominations that the Lord ever permitted to be constructed I take a dickey to be the worst—useless for passenger carrying and even more useless as a place of accommodation for luggage. Then, too, I am strongly inclined to think that a coupé (I am not here referring to the close-coupled four-seater type) is apt to be distinctly heavier than the ordinary saloons. The motoring community has been slow to realize that every hundred-weight transported is a direct tax on the pocket, but I believe it has seen the point at last, and has recognized that the saloon, for its comfort and convenience, is the lightest sort of car obtainable. For that reason I should very much like to see the cars which take part in such races as the Double-Twelve, or at least those which purport to be standard products "such as you can buy" equipped with saloon bodies. At one time the authorities did not encourage the presence of closed cars on the track, but they are, no doubt, much more enlightened now. Another reason why I should like to see saloon races

is that this sort of work would teach the body-building department some valuable lessons. I do not mean that it would go in necessarily for advanced stream-lining (which hardly matters at anything under about 70 m.p.h.), but it would certainly try to make lighter and robust bodies. Carriage-work not having been subject to a healthy racing influence has, I fear, tended to get heavier—which is equivalent to putting in the reverse when on the road to progress. The trouble with the specialized racing car is that it is so remote from the standard article of commerce—and particularly is it remote in having an open body. Surely there is something to be said for the argument that if 93 per cent. of cars sold to-day are saloons, this type ought to be encouraged to appear in races. I personally believe that they would prove just as quick as the open models.

Testing Juice.

At one time of day there was no more persistent trier-out of fuel than I. For weeks on end my car buzzed round Brooklands at various speeds, and I solemnly and conscientiously recorded how the various petrols performed. All of which was supernally bore-some, though I believe the results had value. But that was a long time ago, and to-day all fuels come up to a much higher standard, or at least they do not differ so much. Thus I have

(Continued on p. xx)



M. IVAR KREUGER

M. Kreuger is the head of the world-wide business of Kreuger and Toll, and he is known as "The Match King of the World." This snapshot was taken at the Central Station, Stockholm, where M. Kreuger met the Polish Minister of Finance, M. Matrozowski

Every lover of sport and the stage should make a point of getting "The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News" every Friday

ENTHUSIASM



THE BOY SCOUT.
The world-wide success of the Scout movement is an example of what can be achieved by enthusiasm.

IT is the fashion nowadays to sneer at enthusiasm. Only the very young and unsophisticated may indulge in it.

Fortunately, however, there are still some who dare to defy the dictum of fashion. Having seen visions and dreamed dreams, they go forth in the power of enthusiasm to success.

So with the makers of the Standard car. The desire to progress—the insistence on quality—the determination to satisfy—every aim fired with an enthusiasm that achieves its object.

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Six Cylinder Half-Panelled Saloon
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"ENSIGN" SIX
Six Cylinder Saloons—as illustrated
£245 £275 £285

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Four Cylinder Saloons
From £195—£255

THE STANDARD MOTOR COMPANY LTD COVENTRY

THE RED LIGHT

By HOLLOWAY HORN

MURCHISON of the Yard had given me a letter of introduction to John Hollander, but in spite of it I sought out his address in Brooklyn with a certain hesitation. Hollander, at that time, was one of the best-known men in the New York police, and I was after first-hand information regarding the methods which are loosely summed up in the term, "Third Degree."

He received me courteously, indeed affably, and talked freely enough upon several subjects. But the amount of actual information I obtained was not considerable. He did not actually deny the existence of third degree methods, but suggested, in his rather dry manner, that there were certain English writers who knew far more about the technique of the thing than he did. He was, in short, giving very little away. Ultimately, I did get most of the information I wanted—but not from John Hollander.

Five years later I met him again in London. As far as outward appearances went, he might have been an ordinary American tourist, but I don't think that he was over here on holiday. He seemed rather lonely, however, and quite pleased when I suggested a spot of food at the club that evening.

We laughed over my previous failure to draw him on the methods employed by the American police, but either the club claret or the London atmosphere induced him to speak far more freely than he had done previously.

"There's a lot of rot talked about the way we do our work," he said, "both here and back home. A detective's job is to bring a criminal to the bar of justice. Now, here's a case which illustrates what I mean. You may say we were not justified, but I believe in the soundness of the old law, an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth."

And after a pause he added: "And a life for a life. If the end is justice, I can't see that the means adopted to get there matter a lot."

I filled his glass.

"Mebbe you've heard of Jake Donovan?"

The name was vaguely familiar to me, so I said "Yes."

"He made a considerable stir in the States a few years ago. Now, I know all about that guy. He was black, black through and through. He'd done everything . . . blackmail, burglary, boot-legging, murder. But he was that clever that he'd got away with it all. We *knew*, but we couldn't prove a darn thing against him. His pals wouldn't give him away. They daren't; he'd put the fear of Hades into them! I met him one evening on Broadway. He pulled up, as large as life, and asked me with a grin how business was. There was humour of a kind in him you see. But he was childishly superstitious, far more so than any other crook I have ever known, and that's saying a lot."

"Wouldn't murder a man on the 13th of the month," I suggested.

Hollander smiled. "For one thing, he was a regular client of Nirvana's—as she called herself."

"Nirvana?" I echoed in amazement. "Why that means forgetfulness—oblivion, surely?"

"I know. But the lady herself thought it was a fancy Eastern name. Her real name was Miggs—Kate Miggs—but a clairvoyante who traded under such a name wouldn't pay her rent. She was a fake; but a clever fake. Clever enough, anyway, to bluff Donovan. Of course, we knew he went there, and I always had a feeling that one day she would be useful to us; otherwise her joint would have been shut down long before. We'd got enough evidence to close her up whenever we wanted to."

"But I could never get anything about Donovan out of her. She was as close as an oyster about him; he'd got his own methods of getting loyal service, had Jake. However, I'll come back to Nirvana presently. The next step in Donovan's story was the bumping-off of Kid Endel. Endel was a pug, a boxer, and a patrolman found him one evening in an alley behind a gaming-house on the East Side, with a selection of bullets in his carcase. He was as dead as a sausage. I'm not saying that Kid Endel wasn't better dead—he was—but it was my job to get hold of the man who had bumped him off."

"There had been bad blood between Donovan and the dead man, and the Kid's girl told me that he was desperately afraid of Donovan, who had threatened to shoot him at sight. They had not actually met at the gaming-house that evening, as far as we could ascertain, but both of them had been there. The girl was certain that Donovan had done it, and so were we. But of evidence, proof—there was none. Donovan had got pretty powerful pals in the Press, so we had to be careful. See? Anyway, it was a fairly simple thing to reconstruct the crime. Kid Endel must have slipped out of the back door of that gambling joint hoping to get away. A hundred yards along the alley is a dark turn. As the Kid came up to it, they—there were at least two men in it according to the footprints—had stepped out and closed his account. Before the noise had died away they had bolted to where a car was waiting at the end of the alley. Now between the corner where they hid and the back door out of which the Kid had come, there was a light coming from a red window. That red light was the thing that anyone waiting in the darkness at the corner would remember. It couldn't be missed. And it was that which gave me the idea."

"We'd noticed that regularly every Friday afternoon Donovan called on Nirvana. Usually he'd stay at least half-an-hour. It was about the only regular thing he did do. On the Friday, a day or so after Endel had been killed, I called on Nirvana. I had Dug Slade with me, one of the slickest detectives in the service. I'd been there before and knew my way about. It was the usual joint. Shaded lamps, cushions, and what-not. I don't deny that Nirvana got her effect. If you believed in that sort of stuff at all it 'ud get you. Crystals and mystic signs. We'd shut down a dozen such. Of course she didn't try any of it on Dug and me. She was dressed in a very business-like suit when we called, but usually she'd be wearing long, flowing robes. She was a brunette with piercing, dark eyes. She'd got the idea all right."

"Afternoon, Mrs. Miggs," I said, and she looked a bit scared from one to the other of us. "Seen Donovan lately?"

"No," she said. "Not since last Friday."

"He's coming this afternoon?" I asked.

"I don't know," says she.

"If he don't," I said, "he needn't come at all, because you'll be shut down, see?"

"She saw all right. 'What do you want me to do?' she asked, quite reasonable."

"You gotter see things in your crystal this afternoon, Mrs. Miggs," I said. "For one thing you gotter see a smoky cell. You can describe that?"

"She nodded. Her mouth was closed very tight, but she nodded. We weren't throwing our weight about, but she knew that we meant business. Then I went on: 'And after that you gotter see a dark alley with one red light from a window shining across it. You gotter see Kid Endel walking along that alley into the red light and through it. And you gotter see that red beam of light very clear!'

"Kid Endel," she said, short like, and I nodded.

"And then you gotter see Donovan and another guy—you don't have to see the other guy clearly—pumping lead into Endel. And last of all you gotter see 'em running to a car. . . . And when you've seen it all, and Donovan's all worked up, you gotter say, 'So it was *you*?'—just like that, see?"

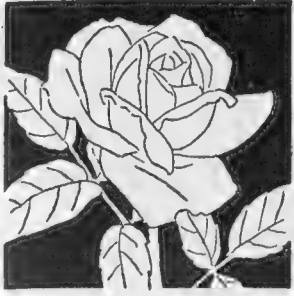
"She saw all right. 'And me and Dug Slade'll be behind those curtains at the end,' I told her. 'What time's he coming?'

"Four o'clock," says she.

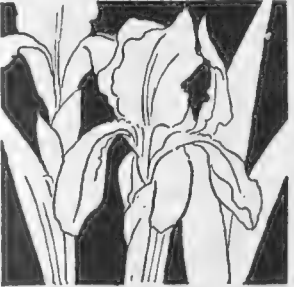
"Then we'll wait," says I. "If you see clear enough, you're safe here for a bit. See?" She saw.

"And wait we did, me and Dug. I made it quite clear that we weren't standing for any funny business, that there wasn't a part in that act for the telephone, and told her to get into her robes right there. She did, an' all. She seemed a bit dazed, but docile. Mebbe we hadn't been quite as gentle with her as my words suggest. Anyway, she took up her position on the cushions, very quiet and thoughtful, and Dug and me stayed behind the curtain."

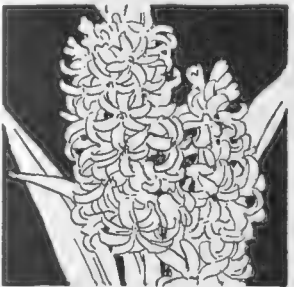
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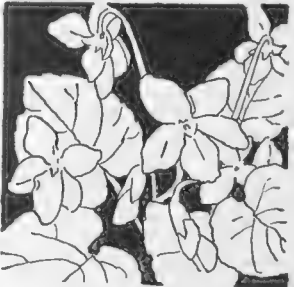
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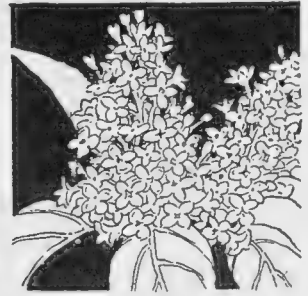
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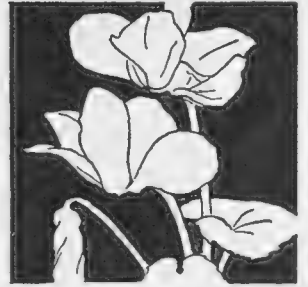
Flowers may wither, their beauty fade, but their fragrance lives on—in
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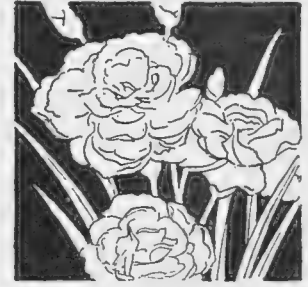
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Unforgettable fragrance—the very breath of old-world charm.
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C.F.H.149



At Ganton: Miss Mabel Wragg, winner of the Yorkshire Championship for the seventh time, receiving the trophy from Mr. Wightman, President of the Yorkshire Union of Golf Clubs

STILL they come, county championships tumbling over one another until it is hard indeed to know where to begin, still harder where to end. Yorkshire, as the largest county in acreage and membership, perhaps should come first; particularly as Ganton, where this was played, will be very much in the public eye next autumn when the English Championship revisits it. Two people came through with terrific honours: Miss Wragg, who is now Yorkshire Champion for the seventh time, and Miss Rudgard, who qualified first with two really remarkable scores of 80 and 82. There was plenty of wind from the wrong quarter, and such scores show that Miss Rudgard is indeed one of the very best medal players of the day. Miss Worsley had a morning 81, Mrs. Barratt an 83, but neither

of these was as consistent as Miss Rudgard, who led the list with eight strokes to spare from Miss Wragg and Miss Worsley.

The real excitement of the meeting came in the semi-final when Miss Wragg and Miss Rudgard had to struggle for 19 long holes before Miss Wragg could win. And Miss Rudgard must be



Mrs. Clarke (right), the new champion of Hants, with Miss G. Paine, the runner-up, who won the Scratch Cup

given much sympathy, because at the 12th, when half stymied, she holed Miss Wragg's ball as well as her own, and at the 19th, when again half stymied with two for the half, she went out for the hole and holed, not her own ball, but Miss Wragg's. It is easy to be wise after the event and to say that Miss Rudgard ought to have played for the half, but golf would be very dull if we were all wise, and Miss Rudgard will win the Yorkshire Championship yet.



Mrs. de Winton (right), the Sussex champion, with Miss Carrick, the runner-up, who was beaten 3 and 2

Eve at Golf

By
ELEANOR E. HELME

Miss Wragg has an extraordinary power of rising to her best in a county championship; so have various other Yorkshire people. Mrs. Barratt, who was Miss Braithwaite, had only begun playing golf again about a week before the championship, and yet she reached the semi-final and managed to make Miss Wragg play 15 holes. A little upsetting, that sort of thing, to selection committees and all theories about practice, but very excellent for the game.

Mrs. Clement got back the Cheshire Championship, which was played at Wallasey, and a familiar name has gone again on to the Kent Cup, for Miss Wanda Morgan held on to her title at Princes'.

It was very delicious down there in the sun, with a thoroughly interesting wind. As soon as Miss Fishwick had scratched it became pretty certain that the real battle lay between Miss



Miss Rhona Rabbidge (left), the new champion of Middlesex, with Miss Leslie Brown

Morgan and Miss Pearson. Miss Pearson was playing magnificently at the start of the week. She was merciless to Mrs. Graham, only 2 over 4's for the 12 holes of the match, and even when you have stated that the tees were shorter by many a long yard than the championship men know them, that remains a remarkable performance.

All the tees in the world cannot fill up Princes' bunkers nor smooth the undulations out of the fairways nor make it any easier to find the right line in a cross wind with your second shots.

Miss Morgan had her full share of bunkers in the first day, but they grew less and less as the week went on until by the fourth round her figures were as fine as Miss Pearson's, and she was obviously coming to the crest of the wave just as Miss Pearson was beginning to sink into the trough.

Both started nervously, then both began to play entirely first-class golf; only Miss Pearson was recovering brilliantly, Miss Morgan was producing the more steady brilliance. She turned one up, she came home in 38, and showed herself again one of the very best players of the moment. In the final she met Miss Dodo Butler, who was runner-up to her last year as well. Brilliant is the word for her golf, too; there were lapses, but there were great heights such as her holed mashie for a three at the 12th and a second shot with wood at the 13th which must have passed extremely close to the hole. But Miss Morgan won 4 and 3, and deserved to do so.

For the rest of the week it is only possible to take off one's hat, and keep it off, to Mrs. Latham Hall for winning the Dorset; Miss D. Marshall the Lincolnshire; Mrs. Alec Gold the Buckinghamshire; and Miss Enid Wilson for a wonderful 73 which won the scratch prize of the Lady Golfers' Club annual meeting at Beaconsfield.



Miss Dodo Butler (left) with Miss Doxford, whom she beat in the semi-final round of the Kent Championship



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Treatment for Tired, Lined Eyes

In this treatment the muscles of the eyes are toned and strengthened by soothing massage. Hot bandalettes which contain fine herbs gathered from the East are applied; while these are still moist with special lotion, a new process is applied which penetrates and stimulates with magic healing effect. Expert assistants for this "Special Treatment" are now in daily attendance at 30, Old Bond Street.

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Beautiful women the world over owe their rejuvenated looks to Eleanor Adair's Scientific Treatments. By her famous original Strapping Muscle Treatment and Preparations double chins are transformed into the youthful poise of a chiselled contour.

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It is carefully massaged into the scalp accompanied by my famous Violet Ray Treatment; then a special Shampoo is applied, after which the hair is left silky and soft, and possesses a well-cared-for appearance.

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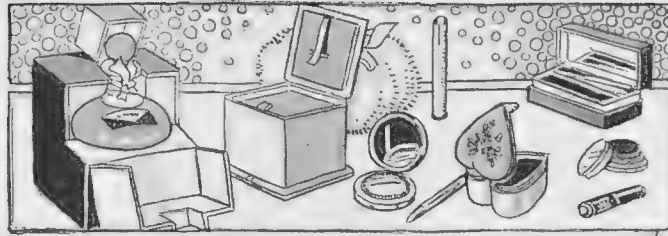
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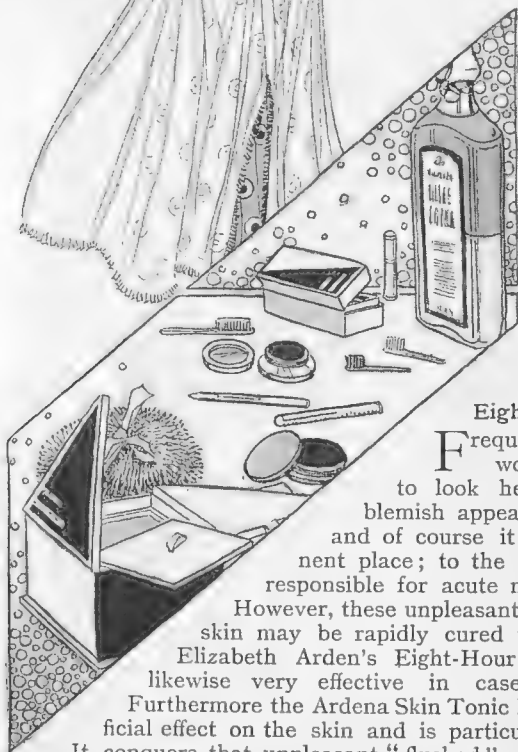
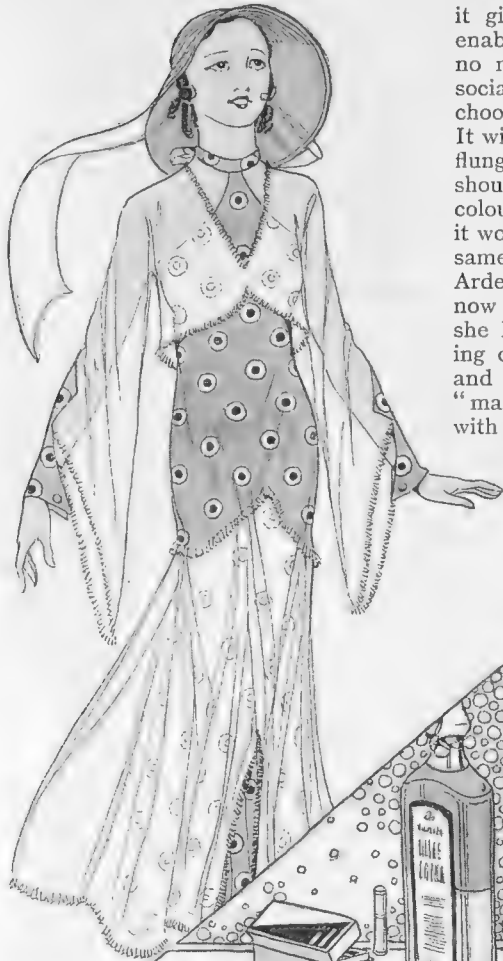
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THE PATHWAY OF BEAUTY



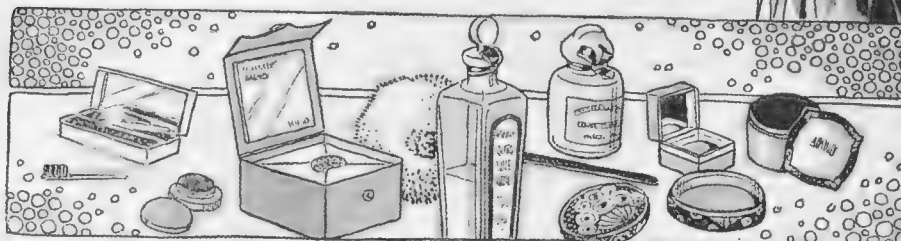
Beauty that Counts.

The knowledge that she is right in every detail is a great help to every woman; it gives her the sense of power which enables her to make a success of her life, no matter whether it be professional or social. In the past it was essential to choose colours that suited the complexion. It will be recalled that clever dressmakers flung a length of the material over the left shoulder of their clients, and if it changed colours ever so slightly it was realized that it would not suit them; if it remained the same all was well. Thanks to Elizabeth Arden, 25, Old Bond Street, women may now wear any colour or shade they like, as she has evolved a very simple chart showing certain decidedly smart dress colours and the appropriate or rather becoming "make up" to be seen in conjunction with them.



Eight-Hour Cream.

Frequently when a woman is wishing to look her very best a blemish appears on her face, and of course it is in a prominent place; to the sensitive this is responsible for acute mental suffering. However, these unpleasant patches on the skin may be rapidly cured with the aid of Elizabeth Arden's Eight-Hour Cream. It is likewise very effective in cases of sunburn. Furthermore the Ardena Skin Tonic has a very beneficial effect on the skin and is particularly refreshing. It conquers that unpleasant "flushed" sensation that is often experienced in a room that has been over-heated.



Beauty for All Women.

Elizabeth Arden is so encouraging when she declares that although some women may be born without beauty, there does not live one woman who cannot be made pleasant to look upon. She adds that everything must be done to improve the face, and emphasizes the fact that artificiality is beauty's bankruptcy. The treatments given in her salons are based on cleansing, nourishing, and toning. It is simply marvellous the good work that her preparations perform, each is created for some specific need of the skin; her complete group of preparations fulfil every need and correct every fault of the skin. A fact that cannot be too widely disseminated is that all her assistants are trained under her personal supervision. In her interesting brochure, "The Quest of the Beautiful," simple instructions are given regarding the morning and evening care of the skin; it will be sent gratis and post free. Furthermore, she is responsible for a system of exercises which bring health and beauty to everyone. Some are for women who are not as slender as they would desire, while others are for those who are deplorably thin and need something that will have a beneficial effect on their nervous systems. Each exercise has a distinct function to perform.



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If women only realised what damage constipation can do to their looks, they would dread it more than time itself. For constipation – by setting up a state of self-poisoning – starves tissues and muscles of pure blood, without which they cannot retain their firmness and youth. The purpose of Eno's "Fruit Salt" is to guard you against the slightest approach of this menace. Working by 'osmosis' – Nature's own method – Eno makes sure that the foodways are punctually cleared before waste matter has time to become poisonous and infect the system. Eno is safe, sure and sufficient. Take it every morning. Inner cleanliness will do far more to preserve your looks than cosmetics.

ENO'S 'Fruit Salt'

Eno costs 1/6 and (double quantity) 2/6. The words Eno and 'Fruit Salt' are registered trade marks

The Highway of Fashion

By M. E. BROOKE



Serious tennis players ever prefer to adhere to the traditional white for their dresses; nevertheless, a touch of colour is often introduced. Coulson & Sons, 105, New Bond Street, have outlined the white crêpe de chine dress on the left with yellow, while the one of silk and wool shantung is innocent of the least suggestion of colour (see page iv)

The Return of "Leghorn."

NOW that the sun has condescended to shine women are able to appreciate the charm of shady hats; nevertheless they remember last year's unpleasant summer weather, and are by no manner of means inclined to turn the cold shoulder on the small hat and draped turban. Leghorn, an old-world favourite, has again entered the arena, and looks as though it would meet with success, as there is nothing more appropriate for wearing with decorative summer frocks of silk organdie, lace, and kindred fabrics. In some of the models a decidedly novel crown is present; its fount of inspiration is the dome, and a gutter instead of appearing at the top is seen at the base. In the distance it suggests a rouleau of straw. The brims are lifted from the forehead by a twist of ribbon or two or three small blossoms. Quite the most original idea is to wear a necklace of natural flowers to match.

Elaboration Banished.

Elaboration is banished with the wondrous panaches of feathers, imposing wreaths, and clusters of flowers, for although the hats may be large they seem to resent trimmings that shall in any way detract from their importance. New straws or, to be more correct, new weaves are everywhere to be encountered; and brims, although they seem to follow their own sweet will, are invisibly stiffened with wire. Lace is extensively used for the *chef d'œuvres* that are destined to be present in the Royal enclosure at Ascot.

Care must be taken to see that the brims are lined, otherwise the sun will repeat the pattern of the lace on the face. Piqué and linen are seen in happy unison on hats for formal functions, and there are bags and handkerchiefs to match. The last-mentioned accessory occupies a very important position just now; it is never allowed to stand alone, but must harmonize with the frock or other accessory.

The Changeable Brim.

The hat with the changeable brim has recently aroused much discussion. Personally, I have a rooted objection to anything that is supposed to fulfil two missions, as neither is ever accomplished successfully. Take the affair with the duplicate brim; the crown may be the shape of a pudding basin draped with a plaid or other kerchief; the wide and the narrow brims suit the wearer when arranged by the milliner,

(Continued on p. iv)



This graceful evening gown of black satin trimmed with fur is chaperoned by Gene Glenny, 128, New Bond Street. It shows that the newest version of the trousered skirt is altogether charming. The abbreviated white coat is of angel skin (see page iv)

All for Beauty



A Beautifying Finish by *Harriet Hubbard Ayer*

Both for daytime and evening the loveliest finish for your skin is achieved with HARRIET HUBBARD AYER preparations.

First cleanse with LUXURIA to release all dust and grime from the pores and to lubricate and soften the skin. Then pat your face with EAU DE BEAUTÉ Skin Tonic to refresh and brighten it. Next smooth a thin film of BEAUTIFYING FACE CREAM all over your face and allow it a moment or so to seep into the tissues. Finally wipe off any superfluous cream, leaving just enough to hold your powder. If you prefer a vanishing cream as a powder base, use the delightful AYERISTOCRAT VANISHING CREAM. Dust lightly with a HARRIET HUBBARD AYER powder of the right weight and colour for your skin. You will be enchanted with the delicate perfection of the finish.

Luxuria, Price 2/3, 4/-, 8/6, 11/9; Ayeristocrat Vanishing Cream, Price 2/3, 4/-, 7/6; Beautifying Face Cream, Price 4/-, 7/6, 18/9, 30/-; Eau de Beauté, Price 4/-, 8/-; Harriet Hubbard Ayer Powders, Prices from 2/3, are obtainable at all good Department Stores, Chemists and Hairdressers. Write to Harriet Hubbard Ayer Ltd., 130 Regent Street, London, W.1, for our free booklet, 'All for Beauty,' which tells you delightful ways of improving your looks in your own home.

HARRIET HUBBARD AYER LIMITED BEAUTY PREPARATIONS

NEW YORK

LONDON

PARIS

THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION—continued

but when adjusted at home it is quite a different thing. The truth of the matter is that there is far more in the art of the milliner than the majority realize.

The Sailor Metamorphosed.

When the time-honoured sailor was resurrected a few weeks ago its most ardent admirers were only able to state that it was smart; it suited few. Certain alterations have now taken place and for general wear it has scored an immense success, it is so kind to the face. The crown fits the head perfectly and the width of the brim varies from 1 to 2 in.; it is worn rather far back on the head. At the moment it is made of straw and linen, but it is believed that in the near future a toll will be levied on velvet and satin for its fashioning.

May be Rolled.

Not only may hats of felt and linen be rolled, but certain straws are treated in such a way that no matter how they are treated they retain their shape and freshness. This is an immense advantage when the ambition of all women is to travel light, no matter whether the journey is made by open 'plane or car. Another interesting straw has made its debut, it is coarse and shiny. Its salient feature is the colours; as a consequence it may be worn with dresses of various shades. Suppose the foundation is blue, then a kind of jazz design will be present in which elusive greys, brown, even greens will be happily mingled. With a head lining but no trimming they are 15s., and there are wreaths composed of tiny flowers as well as bands of ribbon to harmonize with them.

Washable White Pochettes.

There is something decidedly attractive about a white pochette; in the past they have been looked on as a luxury, as they become soiled after a few hours' use. The fabricating medium—it is not quite a suède, neither is it a patent leather, but rather a cross between the two—has been subjected to a process which enables it being washed; all that is necessary to do is to pass a sponge that has been steeped in hot water and slightly soaped over, when all disfiguring marks disappear. Sometimes one corner is turned back revealing a touch of black or colour. Furthermore, there are white linen and shantung pochettes decorated with black or coloured spots. Many of these bags are accompanied by handkerchiefs in which the colour scheme is repeated. Quite inexpensive and endowed with an unlimited lease of life are the pochettes made of coconut fibre.

A Novel Coatee.

The Eton coat is very smart both for day and evening wear, but it has encountered a rival; a French dressmaker has created a

model which is cut in one, although it is provided with sleeves and has long ends in front which are destined to be loosely knotted. At the back it terminates some inches above the normal waistline. As this accessory may be difficult to visualize from a verbal description, it must be said that it may be seen in the model gown department at Swan and Edgar's, Piccadilly.

Necklaces of Natural Flowers.

There is no doubt that there will be a decided vogue for necklaces of natural flowers in the near future. They are destined to harmonize with the colour scheme of the frock; they are from 7s. 6d.,

the scheme being more often than not accompanied with a wide bracelet. Forget-me-nots, white and blue gardenias, hydrangeas, and mignonette, are all being taxed for this purpose.

Trousered Dinner Dresses.

Gene Glenn, 128, New Bond Street, likes simple words and will not call her trousered dinner dresses by fancy names such as the severed or bifurcated skirt, neither does she like the name *culotte*. No matter the name her latest version of this much-discussed phase of fashion is altogether charming, it finds pictorial expression on p. ii. It is expressed in black satin, the trousers being trimmed with fur, a spray of flowers appears in the centre of the corsage, a smart coatee of white angel skin completing the scheme. Naturally this idea may be expressed in a variety of colour schemes. Gene Glenn is likewise particularly successful in creating brides' and bridesmaids' frocks; the former are from 15 guineas and the latter are from 6½ guineas. By the way, assembled in these salons are some much-to-be-desired evening dresses, 8½ guineas.

For the Tennis Enthusiast.

Tennis enthusiasts all the world over know full well that the tennis frocks sponsored by Wm. Coulson and Sons, 105, New Bond Street, are of exalted merit, as they are provided with clever devices which prevent their movements being handicapped. Illustrated on p. ii are two of their latest triumphs; the model with the tie is carried out in white crêpe de chine and is outlined with yellow, and the other is of silk and wool shantung. The cost of either is £5 5s. Other models are portrayed in their catalogue, which will gladly be sent gratis and post free.

Valstar Weatherproofs.

It is all very well to talk about lovely frocks and their attendants, but in this variable climate of ours a reliable weatherproof is absolutely indispensable. Too much cannot be said in favour of those that bear the name of Valstar; they are sold practically everywhere, but should difficulty be experienced in obtaining them application must be made to the manufacturers, J. Mandelberg and Co., St. Paul's Churchyard, E.C., who will gladly send the name and address of their nearest agent. The Valstar fabric is strong and durable and is woven from selected yarns. It will withstand the worst weather and continuous hard wear and still retain its freshness of colour and appearance and is available in thirty shades. Illustrated on this page is a double-breasted belted model. Neither must it be overlooked that there are riding-coats that bear the name of Valstar. They are single-breasted with leg straps and flap pockets; the skirt portions are sufficiently full to cover the knees and saddle.



Picture by Blake

A VALSTAR WEATHERPROOF

It is absolutely rainproof, rubberless, self-ventilating, and light in weight

MILTON

ANTISEPTIC

**CLEANS FALSE TEETH
-AND THAT'S NOT ALL**



HAY FEVER

page 13

AND THAT'S NOT ALL

ROUND AND ABOUT NOTES

Of over three hundred songs composed by Sir Landon Ronald, the popular gem for thirty years and still a household favourite is "Down in the Forest," and this has been recorded in a very noteworthy way by "His Master's Voice." Sir Landon Ronald plays the piano accompaniment and the singer is Joseph Hislop, the first association of these two great artists. Mr. Hislop had not previously sung the ballad, and therefore had no impressions, so the composer was able to rehearse him as to the exact interpretation. Thus the record gives "Down in a Forest" in the true spirit of its creation, both as to the song and the music, a most valuable aid to students. With this ballad goes "Strew on her Roses," a setting of Matthew Arnold's poem, while on another new disc are two more of Sir Landon's work sung by Joseph Hislop, "When I am Dead, my Dearest," which is dedicated to the Prime Minister, and "A Pair Well Matched," dedicated to Mr. Alfred Clark, chairman of the Gramophone Company, and his wife. Peter Dawson, though at the other end of the world, is still with us in the best of voice in a pair of operatic arias in English, "Yon

Assassin is my equal," from *Rigoletto*, and "Tempest of the Heart," from *Il Trovatore*. New fun-makers to "His Master's Voice" listeners are Alexander and Mose who are such welcome entertainers on the wireless and now one can have their cheery, cleverly-thought-out cross-talk always in the home on disc B 3843, "Dark Subjects."



THE 1ST BATTALION THE MONMOUTHSHIRE DINNER

Truman Howell

A group taken at the 1st Monmouthshire's annual commemoration dinner, held at Newport to commemorate the part the battalion played in the second Battle of Ypres in 1915, when all but two of the battalion's officers became casualties

The names, left to right, are: Seated—Major-General C. J. C. Grant, C.B., D.S.O. (G.O.C. 53rd Division); Lieut.-Colonel H. C. R. Thompson, T.D. (Commanding Officer, whose father and grandfather have commanded the battalion); Colonel C. S. Owen, C.M.G., D.S.O. (Commander 159th Infantry Brigade). In rear—Major A. J. Wilson; Lieut.-Colonel C. F. Kennedy, M.F.H. (new Joint Master of the Monmouthshire Hounds); Captain R. I. Sugden; Colonel Blethyn T. Rees, O.B.E., T.D. (a former C.O.); Lieut.-Colonel R. L. Petre, D.S.O., M.C.; Major R. C. L. Thomas, M.C., T.D.; Lieut.-Colonel C. A. Evill, D.S.O., T.D. (a former C.O.); and the Very Rev. J. L. Phillips (Dean of Monmouth)

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WEDDINGS AND ENGAGEMENTS



CAPTAIN AND MRS. COKAYNE-FRITH

Who were married recently. Captain Colin Cokayne-Frith, 15th (The King's) Hussars, is the son of the late Lieut.-Colonel R. C. Cokayne-Frith, 15th (The King's) Hussars, and of Mrs. Geoffrey Peto, and his wife was formerly Miss Eileen James, and is the elder daughter of the late Captain G. M. James, the Buffs, and of Mrs. Cecil Bates

Lafayette

In September.

Mr. James Alexander Wright, the only son of Mr. J. Wright and the late Mrs. Wright of Bushey, and Miss Kathleen Riggall, the second daughter of the late Mr. J. K. Riggall and Mrs. Riggall of Watford, are being married in September; and during the same month, Mr. Peter William Archdale Dudgeon, R.A.F., the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Dudgeon of Abbassia House, Cairo, Egypt, marries Miss Carsina Gordon Gray Cheape, the eldest daughter of the late Lieut. - Colonel H. A. Gray Cheape, D.S.O., and Mrs. Gray Cheape of Carse Gray, Forfar, Scotland.

Next Month.

On June 12, Mr. Humphrey Clarke, and Miss Jayne Sketchley are being married at St. Margaret's, Westminster; Mr. David Glasbrook and Miss Pamela Luard have fixed the

9th for their marriage at All Saints' Church, Maidstone; Captain G. E. A. Beazley (late Gurkhas) marries Miss W. Jean Lyall on the 13th in London; on the 17th there is the marriage

between Mr. Harold Reginald Newgass of Slapton, Towcester, and Miss Mary Lloyd.

Recent Engagements.

Captain Robert Hall Welch, D.S.O., the King's Own Royal Regiment (Lancaster), the elder son of Mr. and Mrs. A. B. S. Welch of Strathspay, Lancaster, and Miss Margaret Stukeley Sturton, the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. P. Sturton of Westbourne, Lancaster; Captain Richard St. John Hartley, the Devonshire Regiment, the youngest son of the late Rev. R. S. Hartley, R.N., and Mrs. Hartley, and Miss Elizabeth Cook, the eldest daughter of the late Mr. E. Leonard Cook and Mrs. Cook of The Red House, Beaconsfield.



Hay Wrightson

MISS AILEEN SCOTT-DEAKIN

The younger daughter of Captain W. Scott-Deakin, and the late Mrs. Scott-Deakin of Marlborough Hill, N.W., who is engaged to Mr. Frederick Henry Bathurst, the son of the late Mr. Frederick Bathurst, A.M.I.E.E., and Mrs. Bathurst of Loudoun Road, St. John's Wood, N.W.



Ledbetter

MAJOR AND MRS. G. C. COWPER

Photographed after their wedding at Norton Malton recently. Before her marriage Mrs. Cowper was Miss Frances Betty Illingworth, the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Illingworth of The Leat House, Malton, Yorkshire. Major Geoffrey Carleton Cowper of Carleton Hall, Penrith, Cumberland, is the son of the late Mr. Carleton Cowper and of Mrs. Carleton Cowper

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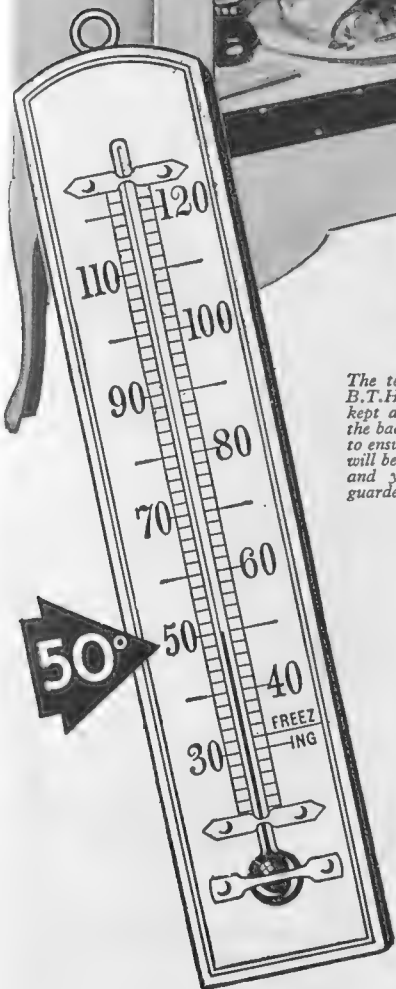
"sealed in steel" it is remarkably quiet. The entire mechanism is on top so that there is more shelf space.

Look for the "Steel-Clad Top"

B.T.H. Refrigeration is a proven economy. Its mechanism, hermetically sealed in the "Steel-Clad Top," is so completely protected from air, dirt and moisture, that it runs quietly, efficiently and dependably through the years — at a cost of but a few pence each day. Once plugged in and turned on it never needs attention — not even oiling.

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The temperature in the B.T.H. Refrigerator is kept always below 50°F, the bacteria danger point, to ensure that your food will be perfectly preserved and your health safeguarded.



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TOPICS OF VARIED INTEREST

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There is really nothing like the human voice for greeting those that are far away; therefore everyone will be delighted to hear about the "Speakeasy" Home Recorder, which is the most ingenious thing

imaginable, of which one may become the possessor for 42s. 6d. It enables every gramophone owner to make records perfectly clear and distinct in every syllable, with volume and quality of tone sufficient to fill an ordinary room. Not only is it an ideal substitute for a letter, but languages may be learnt with its aid, the records being sent to the teacher, who will correct faulty pronunciation. Many are being instructed in singing. It is provided with an everlasting diamond needle. Now all interested in this subject



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must write for further details, or better still, pay a visit to Electro-colour Products, Hanover Square, W.

A Pleasant Postponement.

There is no doubt about it that the "fading age" of woman's beauty may be indefinitely postponed, provided that she will take thought not only of her figure and face but of her hair. It is ever

LA NATURELLE TRANSFORMATION

poetically referred to as her crowning beauty; nevertheless she frequently neglects it. Everyone in trouble regarding their hair must visit the Maison Georges, 40, Buckingham Palace Road, S.W., as there women enjoy a personal and individual artistry, no matter whether it be in the arrangement of their own tresses or in a La Naturelle postiche. It is demonstrated that it is quite a simple matter to dress the tresses in such a way that a nose or other too prominent feature may pass unnoticed; the contour of an ear may be altered.

Freedom from Difficulties.

Among the many advantages of a La Naturelle is the complete freedom from all hairdressing difficulties; and then emphasis must be laid on the fact that a full transformation is from £12 12s. A feature is likewise made of permanently waving and curling the hair; graceful waves and curls indistinguishable from nature's own are produced without affecting the colour and texture of the most delicate hair. A portfolio of new styles with self-measurement form will be sent gratis and post free on application to the Maison Georges.



Among the lovely dresses shown at the Concours d'Elegance recently held at the Cadillac showroom was this model. The mannequin is wearing over £100,000 worth of jewellery, which was supplied by Garrard, the Crown jewellers



Awake Refreshed

Sleep on a Vi-Spring Mattress and enjoy the healthful benefit derived from nights of luxurious rest.

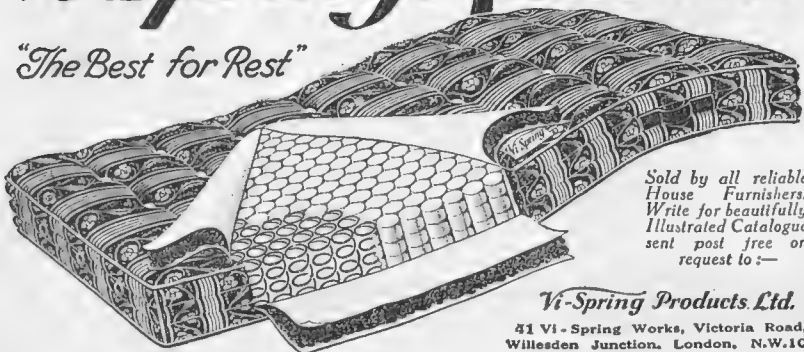
If you sleep as you should, you will always wake with that feeling of happy content resultant upon a night of thorough rest. Such sleep is largely a question of the mattress.

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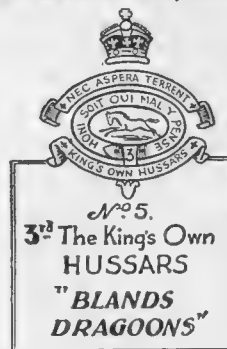


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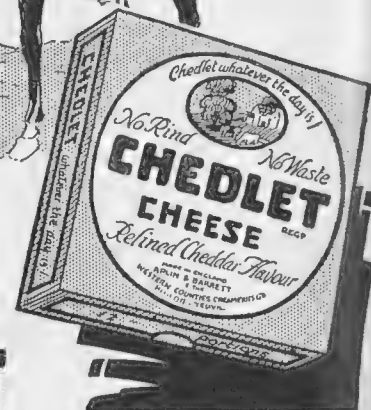
NICKNAMES, BADGES & TRADITIONS OF THE BRITISH ARMY



At a review, King George II., looking at its attenuated ranks, asked, "Whose regiment is this and where are the rest of your men?" "The regiment is mine, Sir," replied the gallant Colonel Bland, "and I believe the rest are dead at Dettingen." The regiment had just previously lost heavily at the battle of Dettingen.

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Pictures in the Fire—continued from p. 164

The members of the House of Commons, I gather, are very dissatisfied with the quality of the coffee supplied to them by the Kitchen Committee. There is a play running in London at the moment called *Black Coffee*. It has to do with some deleterious matter introduced into someone's coffee which croaked him. Instead of grouching why not be thankful for small mercies?

"Clive," by R. J. Minney (Jarrolds), has been variously reviewed in the Press, and everyone, so far, seems to have confined himself to the question as to whether or not Clive died by his own hand either by cutting his throat or taking an overdose of opium, to which, as is history, he was addicted. He had an internal complaint, the pangs of which are only assuaged by what we know to-day as morphia. Most encyclopædia will tell you that Clive finally "returned to England possessed of great wealth, which exposed him to the accusation of having abused his power; the accusation failed, and in his grief he took to opium and committed suicide." Mr. Minney strongly combats the suggestion of suicide, and claims to prove his contention by quoting a letter written by Mr. Robert Pardoe, three days after Clive's death, in which the writer stated that he took a double dose against advice: "So that the little surmise of his dying unnaturally is without foundation." As it seems to me, this is a matter which is not of great moment where this present excellently written and carefully compiled life of Clive is concerned. The main importance of this publication in my opinion is that it makes its appearance at a crisis in Indian affairs when divers wrong-headed people seem to be intent upon undoing all that Clive did. Clive not only set our rule

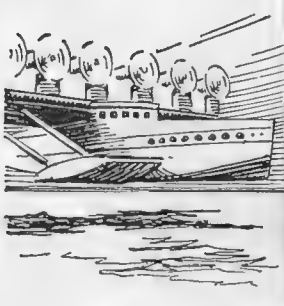
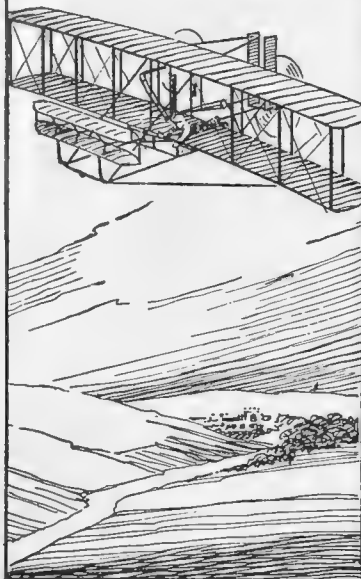


At Miss Ganton Golf Club on the day Wragg, of Sheffield, again won the Yorkshire Ladies' Championship. The renowned ex-captain of Yorkshire—and England—is also captain of this golf club

in India upon a sure foundation, but he avenged the massacre of his fellow countrymen in the Black Hole of Calcutta. Those who have been concerned in the direction of Indian affairs of recent times seem to be intent upon not only surrendering India, but leaving their fellow countrymen and many others who are subjects of the British Empire to a fate no whit less cruel than that which overtook them at the hands of

Suraj-ud-Dowlah and those of his henchman the treacherous Omichand. This man, Omichand, who was a fraudulent contractor in the times of the East India Company, had been arrested because a letter which had been intercepted from the Nawab Suraj-ud-Dowlah, of Murshidabad, proved that he was in the conspiracy to massacre the small English settlement in Calcutta. Clive's direct way of dealing with Omichand, who has a modern prototype, is in strong contrast to the methods favoured to-day, and it is to this useful object lesson which this recent life of Clive draws attention. I think the production of this book is opportune. The lesson, I fear, may fall on deaf ears and will not be perceived. Yet the two situations are parallel. Drake, the Governor of Calcutta at that time, was a weak-kneed and cowardly man. He and the only serviceable forces scooted, leaving Holwell and 145 companions to their fate. The fate was a room barely 18 ft. square into which 146 Europeans were jammed on a hot June night in Calcutta. Only twenty-three emerged alive. We are faced by a Black Hole on a rather bigger scale. Mr. Minney condenses the history of the advance of Clive's punitive expedition—for that is what it was—on Calcutta with much adroitness and also the operations before, at, and after Plassey; though all this is ancient history to a good many people, it is brightly and freshly presented and is a wonderful picture to anyone who knows the terrain as I happen to do. It is a very well-written book.

The Original Wright Aeroplane

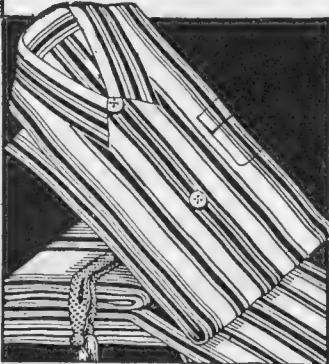


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The Red Light—continued from p. 360

"I must say she looked the part sitting there. Dark and tragic. She didn't move. She just sat there like a statue. Sort of got on my nerves, but Dug didn't have any nerves. In about half-an-hour there was a double knock at the door, and in came Donovan. He looked a bit rattled, but of course didn't know we were there. From where we were hid we could see him clearly. She'd got the lights fixed so that she was sitting almost in darkness, but the face of the person sitting opposite her was illuminated. Between them was a crystal ball on a piece of black velvet.

"Tell me what you see to-day, Nirvana!" he asked, anxious and jumpy.

"She was leaning forward gazing into the crystal. I've seen a few things in my life but I've never seen anything done better than Nirvana did it that afternoon. I knew the whole show was a frame-up, but 'pon my soul, she made my flesh creep. She spoke in a low, husky sort of voice, and I could see Donovan craning forward so as not to miss a word.

"She described a smoky cell to the life. It got me beat. She couldn't have seen one—not outside a theatre, anyway. I heard Donovan breathing heavily.

"Go on," he urged, in a thick, strained tone.

"And then she went on to describe that alley I'd told her about. She spoke of the red light and the men waiting. But there she made her first mistake. She spoke of *three* men. The footprints, as far as we could tell, only showed *two*. And then she saw Kid Endel . . . and all the rest of it. She laid it on thick. Too thick, I thought at the time. Described how he'd turned to run back before they got him. And the way she spoke of that slanting beam of red light was very effective.

"And then for a bit there was silence, excepting for Donovan's breathing.

"When she spoke again her voice was clear and not so husky. 'It's gone,' she said and sat upright. She gave a sort of moan and shook herself. 'So it was *you*,' she said just as we'd told her.

"Yes," he said, with a nasty laugh. 'But nobody knows except you, Nirvana.' He said this in the kind of tone which meant that between them it was *okay*. But we'd got all we wanted and I nudged Dug. We stepped out.

"Stick 'em up, Donovan," says I.

"He jumped up from that seat evidently thinking that Nirvana had double-crossed him. He snarled something, and before I could do anything he'd shot her. Dug flung himself on him, and we got him fastened up good and proper before we turned to where Nirvana was lying.

"Of course, I was sorry things had turned out like that. She'd done her part as far as we could tell, even better than we had hoped.

"Look here," I said to her, 'we'll get an ambulance?'

"She shook her head.

"Don't worry," she said. 'Damn you!' Just like that.

"Donovan was looking on taking it all in.

"So you forced her to do it, Hollander?" he says quietly.

"I did," I said. 'And it came off, Donovan. You're for the chair.'

"I'm sorry about all this, Mrs. Miggs," I went on to Nirvana. 'I must say that you put it across splendidly. You fair had *me* guessing.'

"You think I was acting?" she asked, raising herself on her elbow.

"Why sure," I says.

"You fool!" she snapped. 'I wasn't. For once I saw what I said I saw. If I'd been acting—if I'd known what I was saying—you'd never have got him.'

"She looked to where Jack Donovan was watching her and smiled at him. And with that, Mister, she died."



Howard Barrett

AT SOUTHWELL 'CHASES: MR. JOS WHITAKER AND COLONEL W. F. STORY

Two very gallant veterans. Mr. Jos Whitaker, F.Z.S., sportsman, author, and naturalist, is the oldest N.H. Steward. For sixty years without a break he has gone salmon fishing to Haddington. Colonel Story is the well known Nottingham owner

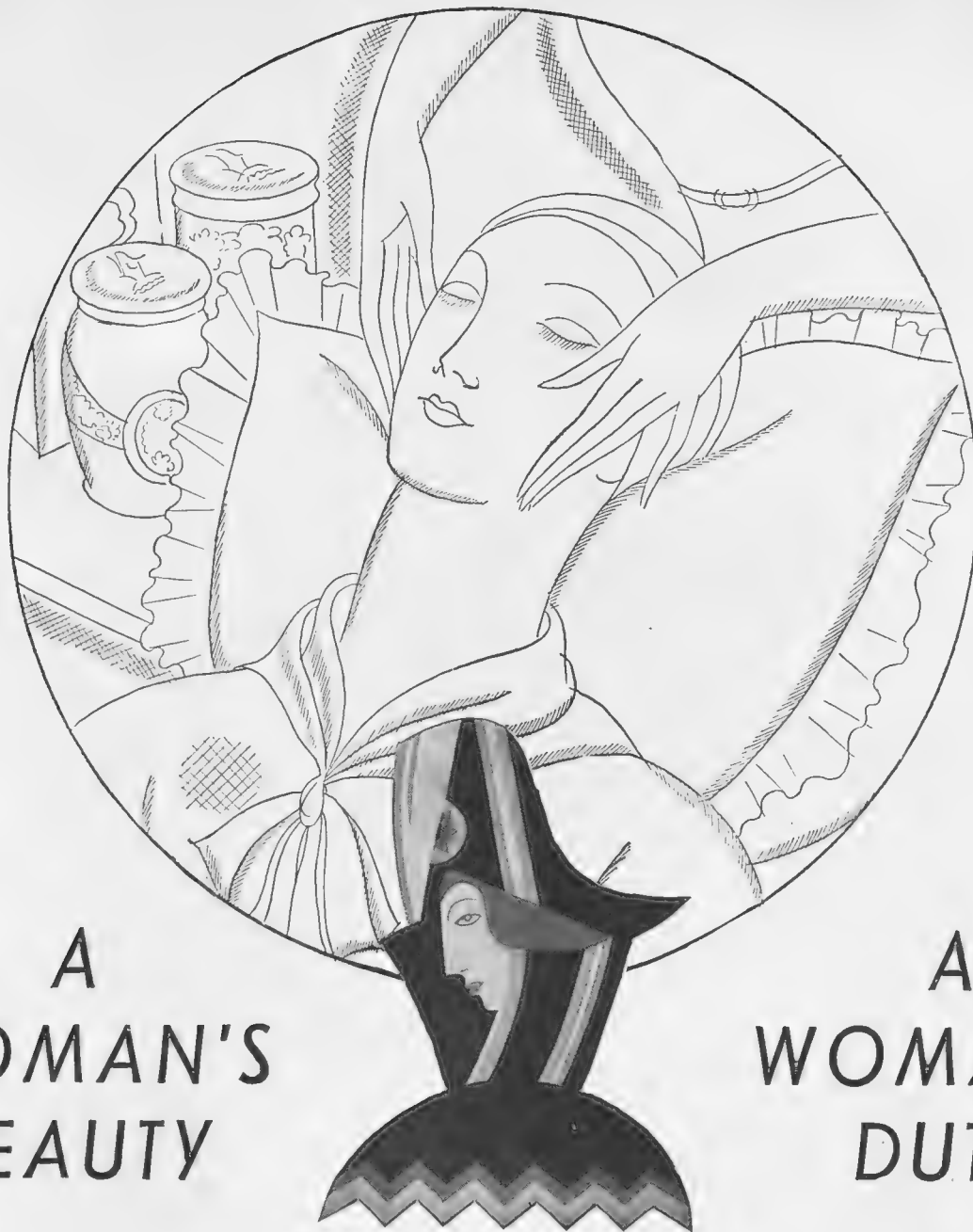


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sent free if you write to: Mrs. Pomeroy
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Polo Notes—Continued from p. 356

must be played at Hurlingham, and captains of teams are responsible for notifying after each match the results and names of players to Captain G. E. Younghusband, hon. secretary of the Army Polo Association (c/o Messrs. Hugh Rees, Ltd., 5 and 7, Regent Street, S.W.1). The following is the draw:—

First Round.—(A) 5th Inniskilling Dragoon Guards v. Royal Artillery, at Aldershot; (B) 7th Hussars v. 8th Hussars, at Aldershot; (C) Royal Horse Guards v. 3rd Carabiniers, at Hurlingham; (D) King's Dragoon Guards v. 11th Hussars, at Tidworth; (E) Queen's Bays v. Royal Scots Greys, at Tidworth. Byes: Life Guards, 4th Hussars, Royal Navy.

Second Round.—(F) Winners of A v. Winners of B, at Aldershot; (G) Life Guards v. Royal Navy, at Hurlingham; (H) 4th Hussars v. Winners of C, at Hurlingham; (J) Winners of D v. Winners of E, at Tidworth.

Semi-Finals.—(K) Winners of F v. Winners of G, at Hurlingham; (L) Winners of H v. Winners of J, at Hurlingham.

Final.—At Hurlingham on Saturday, July 4.

This tournament was first opened to the Royal Navy in 1926, and the "Blue-jackets" who are skippered by Lieut.-Commander Lord Louis Mountbatten showed us quite definitely last season that in spite of the disadvantages which their service imposes upon them they had come on tremendously. In their match in the second round on June 25 at Hurlingham, they were faced by the Royal Artillery team, virtually the same one which had won the Inter-Regimental v. the 17th/21st Lancers in 1927. It was expected that the Gunner team would be all over the Sailors, but it was very far from a one-sided show. At half time it was all square. The Gunner team won by 5 to 2. The collateral form is worth looking at. In the semi-final the Bays only beat the

Gunners by a goal, 5 to 4. In the final the 17th/21st Lancers beat the Bays 8 to 1, but in 1927 the Bays had only been beaten by one goal by the all-conquering combined Lancer team. This is why I say that the collateral form is of interest where this year's Inter-Regimental is concerned. Anything that wins this year's Inter-Regimental will have to go a bit to beat the Bays, who have been runners-up for three

seasons to the 17th/21st and have their team intact. We shall not have the 14th/20th Hussars, who are next on the roster for furrin parts; but the Greys, Inniskillings, K.D.G., the 7th Hussars, the Gunners plus the Sailors give us some very interesting material.

Personally I cannot see the Bays losing it on past form, but polo is such a toss-up. The 11th Hussars were the other semi-finalists last year, and, after beating the 14th/20th Hussars 7 to 3 at Aldershot, in their turn were beaten 8 to 2 by the 17th/21st Lancers. The Greys team this year is expected, so I am told, to go a bit farther than it did last, and some of it, in the shape of the Greyings, has shown definite promise at the Spring Tournaments at the Beaufort Polo Club. Last season the Bays put them out 10 to 2 in the second round at Tidworth. The Greys then had just beaten the K.D.G.'s 7 to 6 after a bit of a dog fight, as they had to play extra time and the winning goal was a 60-yarder penalty. The Greys have an International in their team, Mr. H. P. Guinness, and if they are as forward as I am told, we may find that they are going to last a lot longer than they did last season. At the moment, however, it looks almost any nameable odds on the Bays. The final, of course, is a long way off but there may be plenty to interest in the preliminary encounter, which do not all take place in London.

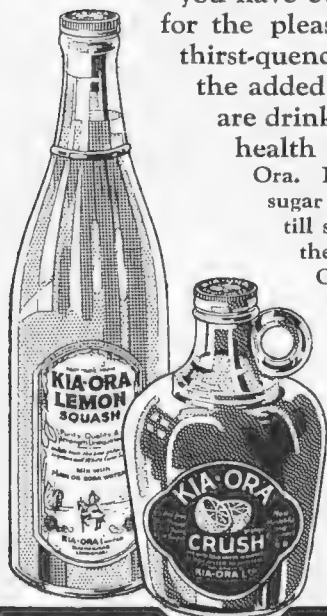


AT ROEHAMPTON LAST WEEK

Mrs. Arthur Smith Bingham, Miss Spencer, and Mr. R. B. B. Cooke, 17th/21st Lancers, who is playing for Sir Harold Wernher's Someries House team

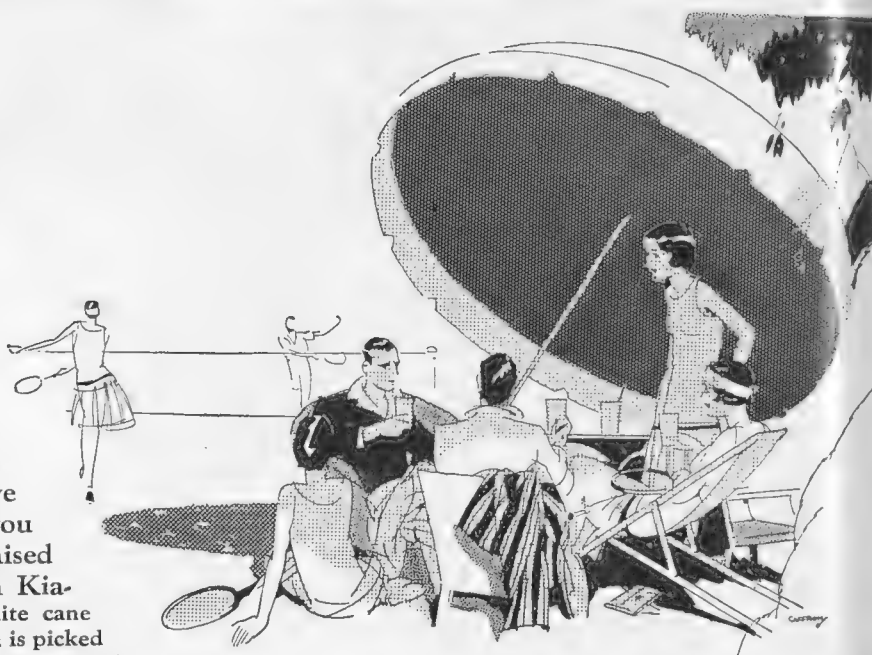
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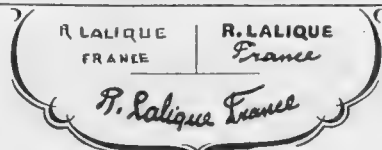
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Air Eddies—Continued from p. 336

Light Aeroplane Club came over to Heston on the same day that Mr. Griffith Brewer's forty years of flying were being celebrated at Hanworth.

"The Tatler" Scheme.

The day on which these notes appear is the closing date for THE TATLER free flying scheme but, as I have mentioned, most of the clubs and schools had their full complement of pupils a few days after the scheme was announced on April 15. During the week preceding that in which I am writing THE TATLER pupils at the Cinque Ports Club were Messrs. Repard, Cooke, Miller, Hackney, Crake, M'Call, Lusty, Passmore, Miss Crawley, Miss Cooke, and Mrs. Gubbins. Captain Hammond-Davies of the Buffs is also among the Cinque Ports pupils. He is the husband of one of the women members.

TATLER pupils will be coming into the clubs at the right time, for the club season may be said to be starting. The Northamptonshire Aero Club holds its pageant at Sywell on Monday, and on Sunday there is the National Flying Services Pageant at Tollerton. Unfortunately for the Northamptonshire Club's "At Home" the weather was bad, but on the law of averages this ought to increase the chances of good weather for the pageant.

Books.

Two books on aeronautics have appeared recently which should both be of value in their different fields. One is a cheap, short little book giving a brief survey of flying as it is to-day, and designed to interest the general public and to give them a simple explanation of the various branches of aviation, including gliding; the

other book is a large, fully documented volume dealing with the history of military aeronautics. The small book is called "The Air and the Plain Man," and is by Colonel the Master of Sempill; the other book is "The Air Weapon; Part I," by Mr. Snowden Gamble.

Colonel Sempill's book is of the kind that may be relied upon to spread the gospel in the right way, it is a sort of flying without fears. Mr. Gamble's book is the first thing of its kind, and is a masterpiece of accuracy and industry. It is also extremely entertaining reading, for at the present moment the early days of military aeronautics take on a peculiar significance. It is as if one can distinguish in them a shadowy outline of the future. And before some kind correspondent writes to remind me of them, I may add that I have in mind Warwick's words in *King Henry IV*: "There is a history in all men's lives, figuring the nature of the times deceased, the which observed a man may prophesy, with a near aim of the main chance of things."

Cost of Flying.

Some remarkable figures have reached me from the de Havilland Aircraft Company of Canada, and although their compiler is not indicated, I feel sure that he was set to his task by that tireless worker, Mr. R. A. Loader. The figures indicate how the cost per mile falls as the hours flown increase. The more miles you fly the less it costs you to fly per mile. The expenses in operating a Puss Moth both privately and for business with a professional pilot are set out and curves are drawn indicating the sharp drop in cost after about 30,000 miles a year. If the aircraft does 21,000 miles a year it will come to about 24.00 cents per passenger mile for the private owner, whereas if it does 63,000 miles it will come to 3.56 cents or about a sixth the cost for three times the mileage.



AT THE NORTHANTS AERO CLUB

Trying to keep warm in our balmy spring at the club's recent demonstration. The names, left to right, are: Miss Tupholme, Miss Young, Mrs. Jacques, Mrs. Tyzack, Miss Thompson, Miss Olney, and Miss Davis

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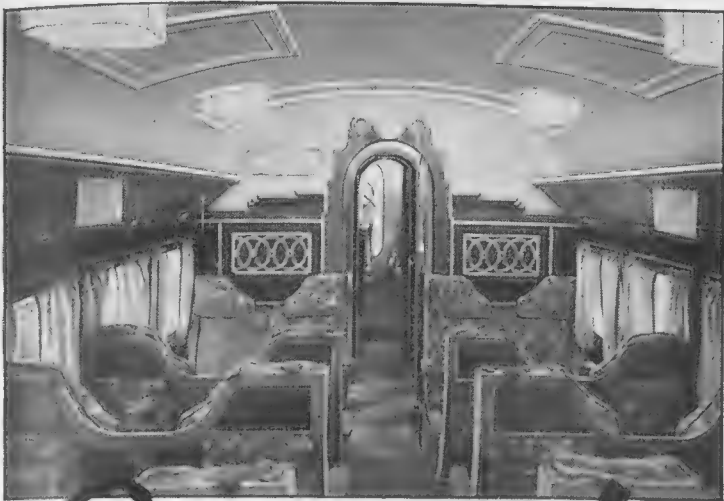
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C.F.H. 83

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REMEMBER, there's real reason in smart women's choice of this one polish — Cutex Liquid Polish; (1) it spreads on smoothly and evenly; (2) it dries in 30 seconds; (3) it gives the most brilliant lustre; (4) it never cracks or peels or turns brown; (5) it gives the most enduring lustre — lasting a whole week.

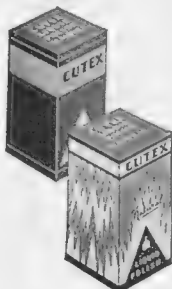
Cutex Liquid Polish (in 6 smart shades), 1/6

Polish Remover, 1/6

Perfumed Liquid Polish and Polish Remover, 2/6; Unperfumed, 2/-

Cuticle Remover & Nail Cleanser, 2/-

Nail White Pencil, 1/6



CUTEX Liquid Polish

Petrol Vapour—continued from p. 358

evolved a much quicker and better method of testing them, not in regard to mileage per gallon (they all do much the same), but in reference to the "pinking" business. I rejoice in the acquaintance of a gentleman who, quite unintentionally, acquired a motor-car which for out-and-out "pinkery" has earned the "championnat du monde." And he is so good as to lend me the bus for an hour or two when I want to experiment with the latest advance in motor-spirit. My system is simplicity itself. I get the engine nice and hot, get the car going good and fast on the level, and then pull on the brakes, and go on pulling them on until, with the throttle full open, the power plant begins to utter a protest. In this case it is some protest, for this motor becomes a veritable pneumatic drill whenever it is given a chance. Tested under these conditions I found the new blue B.P. spirit all it was cracked up to be (forgive me for a

perhaps unfortunate phrase). Even under these excessive conditions it never "pinked" at all, and that in spite of a high-compression engine that is, almost deliberately, kept dirty. Non-pinking properties in this juice are derived from a chemical compound of lead, and the colour is merely a reminder that the stuff should not be employed for domestic purposes; I give the B.P. my heartiest recommendations. It is excellent stuff, and there must be few cars the running of which it would not improve.



THE ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS GOLFING AT THE IFIELD G.C.

By the kind permission of the Ifield Golf Club the Great Eight Golf Circle played off their tournament over the beautiful links near Crawley, Sussex, last week. In this group are, on left, Captain Young ("Illustrated London News"); centre, Mr. Dudley Maddick ("Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News"), Mr. Comyns Beaumont, editor "The Bystander," Sir Vyell Vyvyan and Lieut.-Col. G. C. Morphett (on the tee), "The Tatler." The Ifield Golf Club, which owns some of the best links in Sussex, was opened for play in 1927, and Archie Compston won the Opening Tournament with wonderful rounds of 73 and 70

Get This Handbook.

The Automobile Association have recently issued a handy little brochure which represents a good investment for any motorist, for it sets forth clearly and concisely the almost innumerable laws, orders in council, and regulations by which his movements are governed. The price is half-a-dollar (I gather, to non-members), and the issue is well worth the money. It should certainly be upon one of the shelves in every solicitor's office.

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SAYS CAPTAIN MAX FINDLAY

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●The Air Park at Hanworth is 12 miles from London, just off the Great West Road. Many 'buses and trains. 'Phone: Feltham 236. London Office: Ger. 9316.

CAR CAMEOS

The Ensign Six Standard

THE Ensign Standard I take to be a very good representative of a very healthy development in British car design that has of late become conspicuous, that is to say, the provision in a car of quite moderate weight and dimensions of a really lusty and sizeable power plant which is not of the ultra-efficiency order. This is eminently sensible because, although an extra three pounds or so is involved in the annual tax, this is more than compensated for in general performance. It puzzles me that there are still some people who cannot see the point, and who still regard the rating figure as an index of what these up-keep costs are going to be; but I am well satisfied that their numbers are dwindling.

The advantages of the full-sized engine are many and various, but one at least may be quoted, namely, that because that engine very rarely has to furnish its full power it will give all the results normally expected of it when it is far from being in its best condition. I was assured that the Ensign I tried had had no attention of any sort, leave alone de-carbonization, for many many thousands of miles, and there was external evidence to support that statement, yet it ran quite perfectly without the least sign of "pinking" however inconsiderately treated, and it yielded all the speed and acceleration that one could wish.

Naturally I looked for something a little out of the ordinary, for the 6-cylinder engine is a shade over two litres in capacity and is loaded with a light four-passenger body. This latter, by the way, is outwardly neat in appearance and quite comfortable within sides, though I think it would be improved if it were a little wider. It is a fabric saloon with a sliding roof and an admirably complete detail equipment. This includes a cigarette-lighter (that ought, for the sake of carpets and cushions, to be in every car) and—what I do not think is a

standard fitting in any other car—a natty little umbrella, ensconced in a suitable case. I call that a really useful accessory.

So far as the chassis design is concerned, the Standard is conventional and conscientious. The model I tried was equipped with a four-speed gear-box, of the silent third type. And this ratio was really and truly quiet. I used it only seldom, and in order to appreciate how extremely easy the change is both up and down, for the Ensign rejoices in doing practically everything on top. In this respect it is quite astonishingly good in traffic, for one can come down literally to a walking pace and then sweep ahead with certainty and without having to be tender to the throttle pedal—another benefit of the larger engine policy, for on the same top gear one can, under favourable conditions, "sit on" a truthful sixty for miles on end.

I have no fault to find with the management of the Ensign. It has a nice driving position, irreproachable steering, supple springing, and reliable brakes. On a slippery surface, however, these latter must not be applied too brutally, for I think that the back shoes come on a little early.

The engine, without being what can fairly be described as dead quiet, is not by any means unpleasantly noisy. At the worst it has little more than a musical and rather soothing hum, and is entirely free from any mechanical clatter. And it is a good solid job too, for at no speeds could I find any periods of vibration. The car is so lively and encourages one so much to pass everything else on the road, that any such coarseness, had it been there, would have been instantly noticeable. Broadly speaking, I should say that the Ensign, with full load, would have no difficulty in safely and comfortably averaging 40 m.p.h. almost anywhere; for its high power to weight ratio gives it remarkable acceleration and hill-climbing capabilities. Further, it gives one the impression of being able to stand up to any amount of hard work.

All things considered, this is a most estimable car of an extremely useful type, and since in its *de luxe* form it costs but £275 (the standard model being £245), no one need be surprised at its great popularity.



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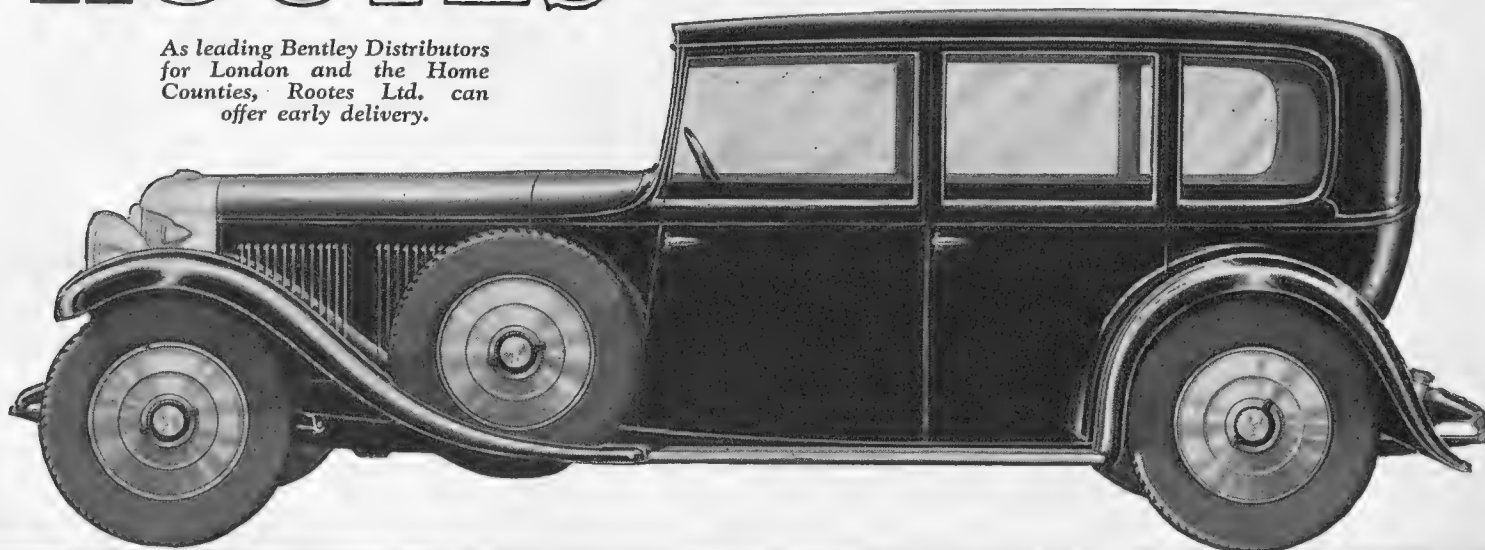
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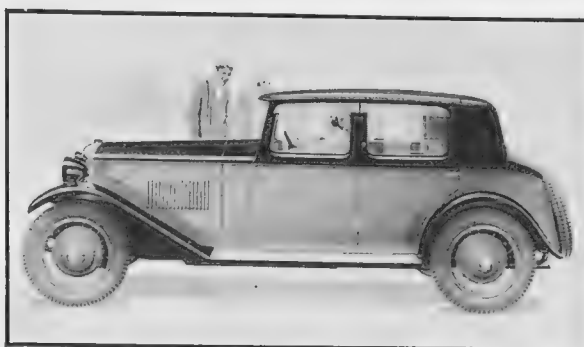


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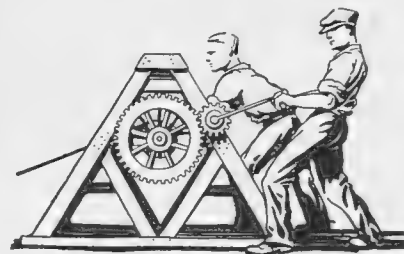
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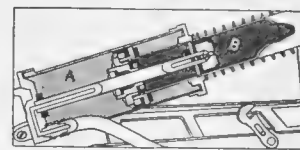
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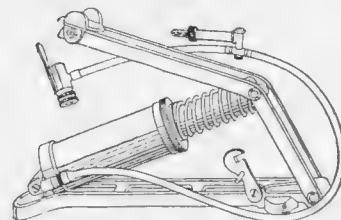
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Motor Notes and News



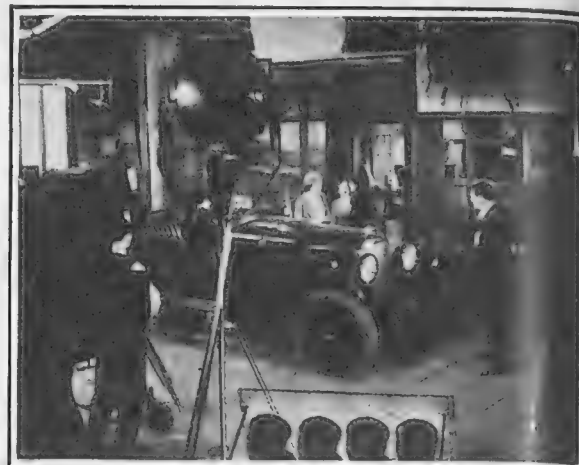
VISCOUNT AND VISCOUNTESS RATENDONE

With their new Hillman "Wizard," recently supplied by Rootes, Ltd. Viscount Ratendone is the son of Lord Willingdon (Viceroy of India), and his wife is a daughter of Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson, Kt.

The man who buys or entrusts himself to a car is actuated not only by the design of its body and engine, but by his belief in the reliability of the fuel, lubricants, and tyres which it uses. By providing perpetual tests of both these factors, motor-racing probably benefits industry and the community at large more than any other form of sport. It does this in two ways: by proving the worth of existing specifications and by suggesting experiments that may lead to their improvement in the future. It thus falls into two distinct categories. The more spectacular is that whose aim is to lower world records, and which has brought fame to British engines and British drivers at Daytona and elsewhere. In these events, both the vehicles themselves and the subsidiary fuels and lubricants that give them life, are highly specialized. The

knowledge thus gained is eventually embodied in new specifications suitable for the general market. The second category has less "news" value, but is of far greater interest to the private motorist. In this, entrants are obliged to make use of the standard models which have been evolved from the experimental knowledge gained in the first. The engines of these models, being manufactured in bulk, are fed with ordinary fuels and lubricants likewise manufactured. The recent success of the Earl of March and Mr. C. S. Staniland, driving an M.G. Midget, in the Double-Twelve at Brooklands, was achieved on Shell products such as can be bought from garages all over the country. During the last two or three years the fact that the Shell Company has figured so prominently in nearly all these races involving the use of standard models, including the Dublin Grand Prix and the Le Mans "twenty-four hours" for 1929 and 1930, speaks for itself.

The sweeping success in this year's Double-Twelve of small, high-efficiency baby cars is indirectly, a triumph for modern oils and modern methods of lubrication. The Earl of March, for instance, and C. J. Randall, who were first and second respectively, both used Castrollo, the new upper-cylinder lubricant introduced by C. C. Wakefield and Co. early this year.



BENTLEY CARS ARE STRONG FAVOURITES IN THE CINEMA WORLD

This photograph shows a "shot" in the talking film, "Sally in Our Alley," which has been produced by Associated Talking Pictures at Beaconsfield. The stars shown are Miss Gracie Fields, Miss Florence Desmond, and Mr. Ben Field. The assistant director, Mr. Raymond Friedgen, is on the right. The car is a 4½-litre Super-charged Bentley

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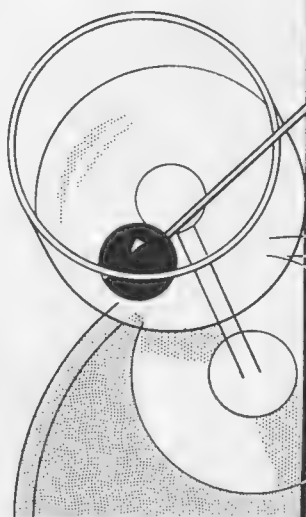


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THE CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY FRESHMEN'S MATCH

R. S. Crisp

The two teams in which the names, left to right, are: Back row—D. H. M. Veitch (Downing), T. P. Partington (Peterhouse), N. McKinnon (Trinity Hall), G. M. Moll (Pembroke), C. E. W. Sheepshanks (Trinity), D. F. Surfleet (Christ's), P. H. F. Mermagen (Pembroke); second row—Watts (umpire), E. G. Titley (Peterhouse), W. A. Lupton (Pembroke), R. A. S. Farnfield (Queen's), J. Lewis (Christ's), E. Cawston (Pembroke), W. H. L. Lister (Pembroke), J. M. Stow (Pembroke), T. A. Higson (Jesus), Addison (umpire); sitting—R. H. Priestley (Trinity), F. W. Simpson (Trinity Hall), K. Farnes (Pembroke), T. A. Crawford (Jesus), R. H. C. Human (Emmanuel), G. D. Kemp-Welch (Sidney Sussex 'Varsity, captain), J. H. T. Comber (Pembroke), A. S. Lawrence (Trinity Hall), B. O. Allen (Caius), J. G. W. Davies (St. John's)

The match ended in a draw as Kemp-Welch's side still wanted seven runs for a win when stumps were drawn, and they had three wickets in hand. J. G. W. Davies got top score in the first innings for Hazlerigg's side, 68, and R. A. S. Farnfield got 70 in their second. W. H. L. Lister got 62 in his first knock for Kemp-Welch's side, and D. F. Surfleet got 53 in his first and 23 in his second

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From the very first day you take PHOSFERINE you will gain new confidence, new life, new endurance. It makes you eat better, and sleep better, and you will look as fit as you feel. Phosferine is given to the children with equally good results.

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Taken at mealtime, Vichy-Célestins is a very pleasant and *proved* corrective for gastric trouble and liver disorders. It gives zest to the appetite, and helps one to enjoy a hearty meal—without fear of digestive derangement.

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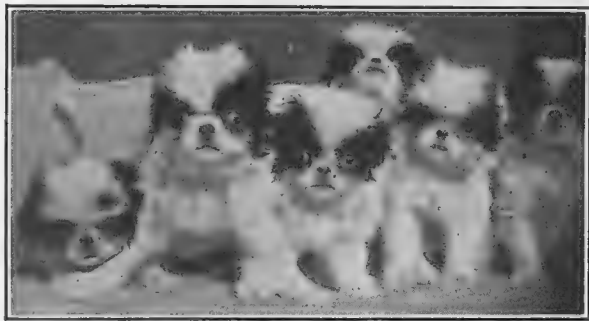


LADIES' KENNEL ASSOCIATION NOTES

Owing to the exigencies of going to Press, these notes must be written before our Open Show takes place, and appear after that event, so are rather an anticlimax. We can continue to congratulate ourselves on the fact that we have a record entry. Last year our show broke all previous records with an entry of 4,563, but it has beaten that this year with a total of 4,824, which is an increase of 261.

From time to time letters appear in the lay press running down dogs and dog breeding and showing, and advocating strenuous measures of repression. The writers of these letters do not appear to realize that dog breeding is now a national industry of great importance, employing directly and indirectly thousands of people. It is also one of the few industries in which we can beat foreign nations, and the export trade is a large one. Besides this, many people of modest means have sunk their capital in their kennels. It is most cheering to feel that in these very hard times at least one industry is keeping its end up. It is also to us of the L.K.A. particularly pleasant to think that our own show is acknowledged by all the dog-showing fraternity as one of the best shows in the year, and supported accordingly.

Lady Kathleen Pilkington, Chairman of the Executive, has been since its beginning one of the most devoted supporters of our association, whose interests she has at heart. She had at one time a powerful kennel of the now extinct miniature bulldog, and owned seven champions of this breed at once. She has since then turned her attention to the French bulldog, and always has some good specimens. The picture is of



JAPANESE PUPPIES
The property of Miss Gertrude Savile



PETER OF SILPHO
The property of Lady Kathleen Pilkington

I have several kennel-maids requiring situations, experienced and inexperienced. If anyone requiring one will write to me I will put them in touch with them. Also I want to remind members to send me photographs.

Letters to Miss BRUCE, Nuthooks, Cadnam, Southampton.

Peter of Silpho, but does not do him justice, as he is much better looking. Peter is a big winner. Lady Kathleen is a first-rate judge, and it is a pity she will not officiate oftener.

Miss Lane is doing well with her venture—the Nunsoe Useful Dog Shop, Preston Street, Brighton; a special feature is made of trimming and shampooing. All dogs are washed and dried by the latest electrical appliances. She also boards dogs and cats, all toy dogs in a specially heated kennel, and will board bitches for special periods. The Brighton shop is run in connection with the Basil Kennedy Boarding Kennels in London, and the picture is of some of the boarders in the latter establishment. Anyone staying in Brighton would find it amusing and instructive to visit the shop. As will be imagined the "getting up" of poodles is a speciality. Besides all this, there is the legitimate work of the sale of dogs. Miss Lane has vacancies for one or two pupils at Crawley. It is in a nice part of the country, and the pupils have a very good time, as there is golf, tennis, etc., near. She prefers a personal interview.

Miss Savile sends a delightful photograph of her Jap pups born the end of February, also she has a very handsome male and female for sale, nine months old, both perfect pets and very intelligent; she will send photographs of them to any inquirer. Her address is Miss Gertrude Savile, Sunnycroft, Clint, Ripley, Harrogate.



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inch long squares of tooth-developing, digestion-helping hardness. Full of meat and meat-juices to tickle his palate and nourish his frame.

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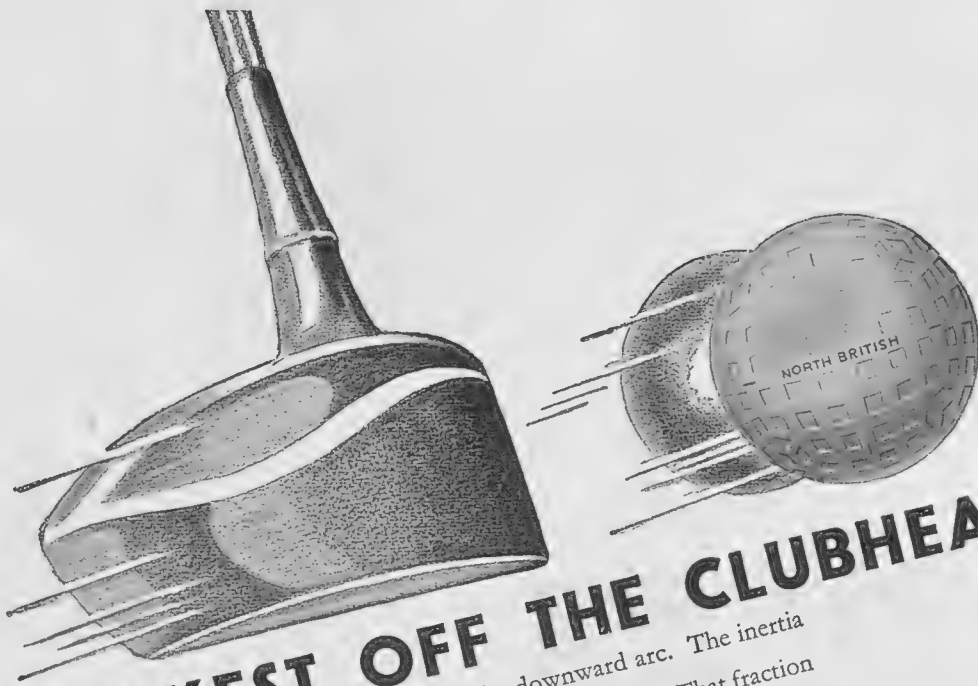
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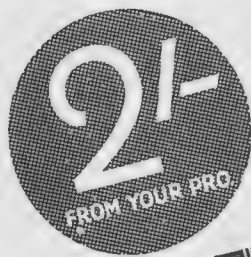
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NOTES FROM HERE AND THERE

The Friends of the Poor, 42, Ebury Street, S.W.1 appeal for £13 to help to give a weekly allowance to a woman aged sixty-six, who has been a companion for many years of her life. Her landlady, a kindly soul, who seems her only friend, reports that she is half-starving herself rather than touch a few remaining pounds which she still has in the savings bank. Beyond this her only possessions are a few sticks of furniture, but enough to make her tiny room her "home." Last November she had a slight seizure, and the doctor now reports that she is not really fit to do any more work. Her father was a farmer in Lincolnshire, but owing to a run of bad luck lost all his money just before his death. We are co-operating with another society in giving temporary help, and it is much hoped to get her a small annuity in a year's time, but the waiting list is long, and in the meantime we want to keep her going. Please send something to help this very deserving case.

The Children's Country Holidays Fund was founded in 1884 by the late Canon and Mrs. Barnett, for the purpose of sending away poor children, who would have no other means of getting a holiday. There are over 700,000 children on the roll of the Elementary Schools of London, and from among these, voluntary workers for the fund, from sixty-three different Committees, send those most needing a change to the country for a fortnight. The children stay at country cottages and kindly residents in the villages take a responsible share in making their visit enjoyable, while, living in cottage homes, the children get in close



OXFORD UNIVERSITY LAWN TENNIS TEAM

The team selected to meet Cambridge in the Inter-Varsity contest. The names, left to right, are: Standing—Lord Birkenhead (Eton and Christ Church), E. M. Sykes (Rugby and St. John's), J. H. MacLennan (Canada and Oriel), L. R. Hankey (Rugby and Balliol); sitting—P. H. Partridge (Eastbourne and Lincoln), E. M. Buzzard (Charterhouse and Magdalen, captain), R. K. Tinkler (Repton and Balliol), and B. W. Finnigan (Wellington and Magdalen, secretary)

Stuart

touch with all that country life means. From 1884 to 1913 the work of the fund grew until over 46,000 children were sent away. In 1930, however, owing to changed conditions brought about by the War, the number was reduced to something over 30,000. The total cost of each child's holiday had increased from 15s. 6d. pre-War cost to about 28s in 1930. Of this sum a varying proportion was contributed by the parents, who are assessed according to their individual means. The aim of the fund is to get back to the number sent in 1913, and with the generous help of those who love children they will be able to do so. The Society is dependent upon subscriptions and donations, which may be sent to the Hon. Treasurer or to the Secretary, C. C. H. F., 18, Buckingham Street, Strand, W.C. 2

There is no doubt that timber buildings—properly constructed—have many advantages over stone or brick structures, they are infinitely cheaper, warmer, more quickly erected, and can be occupied with perfect safety immediately they are finished, there is no drying-out period. Unfortunately, when thinking of timber buildings there is brought forcibly to one's mind the modern dilapidated shacks and huts that at present are disfiguring our beautiful countryside. Substantial dependable timber buildings that will last a lifetime can be produced at a reasonable cost, and if proper consideration is given to design and construction details they can be artistic externally and internally and extremely comfortable. For the past thirty-five years Messrs. Browne and Lilly, have specialised in timber-framed buildings of every description, and their new catalogue just issued is well worth attention. A copy may be obtained gratis on application to Browne and Lilly, Ltd., Thames Side, Reading

Folks Who Always Feel Tired

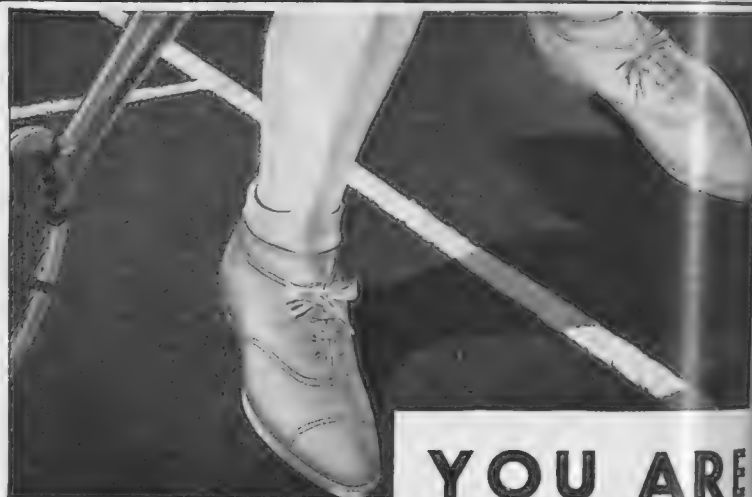
Should Be Suspicious of Auto-Intoxication

A persistent tired feeling accompanied by drowsiness, dull headaches, and a general lack of interest in life in general, is one of the surest signs of a state of self-poisoning. Intestines becoming sluggish allow the waste matter to accumulate. Putrefaction sets in which breeds toxins that are absorbed by the blood stream and carried to every part of the body, to steal your strength and vitality, lower your resistance, and make you chronically weak, tired and listless.

Any person who is not feeling up to par should begin drinking hot water with the juice of half a lemon every morning upon arising. It is well to add to this a tablespoonful

of Kutnow's Saline Powder, for this improves the action of both the water and the lemon juice. Kutnow's Powder is a famous natural saline-alkaline aperient that has been used for years to reduce acidity and combat putrefaction in the gastrointestinal canal. It makes a delightful effervescent drink that anyone will relish.

Get about four ounces from any chemist and take it regularly every morning for a week. See what a difference in your physical condition, even in so short a time. Mark the better appetite you have and strength and energy you feel. It's really marvellous the difference when one is internally clean. Just ask your chemist for Kutnow's Powder. Four ounces is enough to make a conclusive test.



YOU ARE QUICKER on your feet in these new MOULDED Shoes

THE new North British "Scotia" Moulded Shoes make the feet quicker because they're moulded. Shoes have never been made this way before. You've never experienced such perfect foot freedom before. They fit perfectly. They grip perfectly. The sole will never come off. Ask your dealer. Men's 5/11 Women's 4/11 (In U.K.)

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Tell us if your shoe shop cannot supply. We will tell you where you can get them
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Psychologist says:

Everyone Has Occult Power

Distributes Free Book Describing Unique System which has been tested by scores of New Students who Report Astounding Results. Also sends Free Psycho-Analysis Character Delineation to all who write at once.

How the average man and woman can develop and use the strange powers of Hypnotism, Suggestion and Telepathy to influence people in business and society; to correct character defects and curb bad habits, is described in the new book by Elmer E. Knowles, entitled: "The Key to the Development of the Inner Forces," ten thousand copies of which have been printed for free distribution.

The author declares that what is called Hypnotic Power is nothing but a scientific application of the laws of Suggestion, and that anyone can easily learn and apply these laws. Astounding results are reported by those who have tested the new System.

Mr. Arne Krogh writes: "Your work is full of deep Truths, so natural, that I did not appreciate them till they were put before me. It is not new thoughts given me, but my own, my intelligence and my forces awakened, brought in order so that I can have the best use of them."

Another report from Mlle. Odette Frey reads: "I cannot sufficiently praise and recommend your System to my friends. Furthermore, I can truthfully say that from the day I possessed your System, my ailments disappeared and my will-power increased."

Mr. Franz Worz describes his experiences as follows: "It is really unbelievable what powers one can obtain through the wonderful Knowles System. The results are so astounding that I cannot recommend it too highly."

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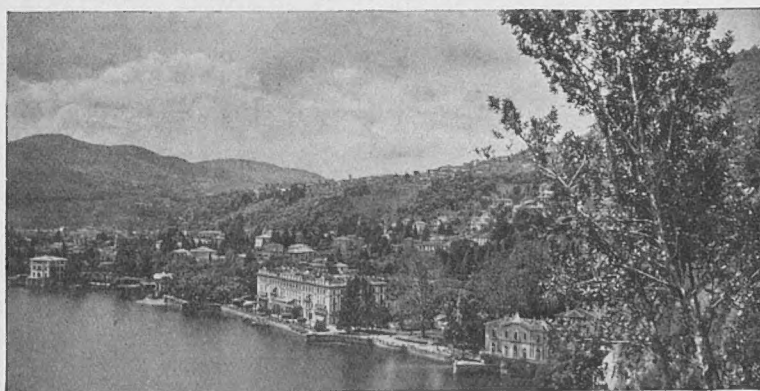
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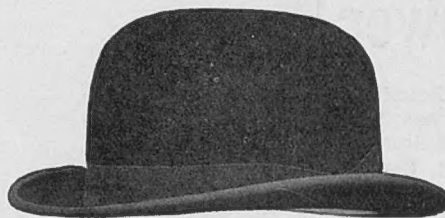
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“Yes! Fresh as a daisy. It was such a hectic evening, Ted, that I had no time to tell you about Freddie and ‘Lady Marjorie’ . . . Well, Flanelly told Freddie to have a real good win over ‘Lady Marjorie’ in the first race on Tuesday. No. . . . Wrong. . . . On the Tuesday, Freddie and I were having a bite at the Embassy, when Freddie swallowed an olive and gasped, “‘Lady Marjorie’—down for the 2 o’clock!’ He dashed off to the ‘phone and tried to persuade his bookie to take £100 (fifty-fifty, Freddie and I) on ‘Lady Marjorie.’ Nothing doing. ‘Too late’—came the reply—‘It’s just gone two.’ I got on to ‘Duggie’ immediately. ‘Angela speaking’ I shouted, ‘I want a hundred on “Lady Marjorie.” Is it O.K.?’ ‘Yes; it’s after time,’ he said, ‘but the horses are not off yet, so you’re on.’ What an escape! . . . Phew! . . . After a Bronx and a

Monkey Gland I took Freddie round to Stuart House.”

SIR EDWARD:—“And now he’s joined the band of ‘Duggie’ enthusiasts.”

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